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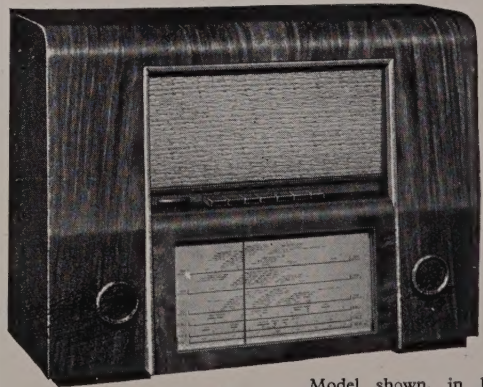
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An Ancient City-Centre

The Acropolis of Athens

by DR R. W. MOORE



All photographs, except one, by I. G. Co.

The outline of the Athenian Acropolis is as familiar to Europeans as that of any of the works of man. Seldom, however, do we consider what it meant to those who erected its best-known buildings some 2400 years ago; and this the Head Master of Harrow invites us to do in his present article

THE beauty of Greek Art is greatly enhanced by its detachment from the material world in which we live. It belongs to a lost age, to a culture which is the easier to contemplate because it is dead. That is not to say that its power to enliven the world is over; on that side it is still very much alive. But it belongs to a civilization which ran its material course long since, and is, historically, at an end. Yet if it is dead it is also immortal; it is perhaps as true of the Parthenon as of Socrates. Such products of Greek culture, since they come to us from a world apart insulated by more than twenty centuries of European history, have a coolness and detachment about them which keeps their appeal perennially fresh. Look at the Parthenon: despite its mutilated condition it has a simple mathematical perfection, a clearness of line, a clarity of architectural vision that immediately command attention whether we know anything about the Periclean age or not. Similarly a Greek play like the

Agamemnon or *King Oedipus* makes a deep impression if read in the original because the words come to us with no base association, straight from the Hellenic prime.

The appeal of Greek architectural forms is more immediate and concrete than that of poetry, which is more abstract and spiritual. They are visibly the work of men who had needs and passions like our own. They may have spiritual aspirations, but they are strongly founded on the earth. To understand and to appreciate them we must know something of the builders—who they were, why they built there and in that way and for what purpose.

Here then are some photographs of Athens. She was the heart and soul of the civilization of the Greeks—the people who laid the foundations of our Western culture, who invented among other things drama, philosophy, mathematics and democracy, who saw “life steadily and saw it whole”—and here in



Entrance to the Acropolis, city-centre of Athenian life of the 5th century B.C. Steps lead to the Propylaea, the gatehouse between profane and sacred ground. On the right is the Temple of Victory

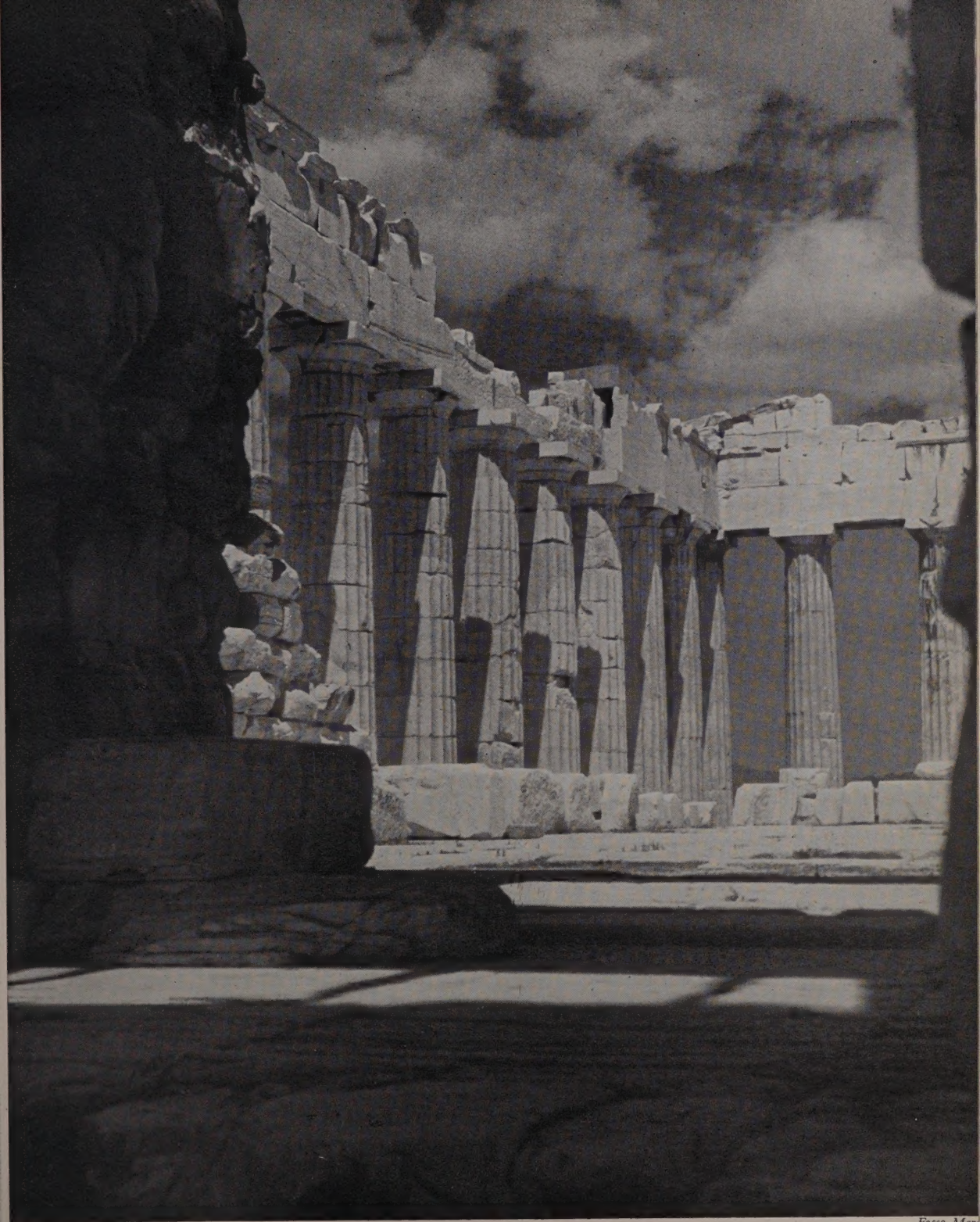
these pictures are glimpses of the heart of Athens. This is the Acropolis—the rock of refuge to which the earliest inhabitants of the Attic plain fled at the approach of danger; here perhaps was the dwelling of their kings; and here the sanctuary of their goddess. At the foot of this hill Solon the sage shaped the Athenian community into a constitutional state and prepared the path for democracy. On this hill Pericles, the supreme architect of Athenian democracy, in the generation after the hordes of autocratic Persia had rolled over it and been swept away at Marathon and Salamis, erected these matchless buildings. His work was not merely a remarkable feat of reconstruction after a disastrous war but the outward token of a new age, the greatest age of Greece. Since that day many tides of history have passed over them. The Parthenon has in its time been a Christian church, a mosque and a Turkish powder-magazine (hence the explosion of 1687 which brought it to its present battered condition): the Erechtheum has been a Christian church, a Turkish harem and

a powder-magazine.

Let us look at them in turn.

There is the Parthenon, the great temple of the “Parthenos”, the Virgin goddess Athene. It is the Cathedral of ancient Athens. Its honey-coloured marble columns gleaming in the intense Attic light are still the cynosure of all eyes in Athens. It is mutilated and scarred, but its perfection can be clearly discerned. It is not mathematically exact in dimensions: there are subtle variations of line, deviations from the straight, calculated presumably to enhance its effect on the eye. The pillars swell slightly toward their middle; the stylobate, i.e. the rectangular stepped platform on which the temple is built, is not on straight lines but rises slightly towards the middle of each side: the effect is that of a sheet nailed down at the four corners and lifting in a wind (4 inches in 230 feet on the long sides; $2\frac{3}{4}$ inches in 100 feet on the short sides).

There at the western end of the Acropolis is the Propylaea—the gatehouse or portico—the space of transition from profane to hallowed ground. It is a subtle harmony of



Fosco Mar

The Parthenon, the Cathedral of ancient Athens, dedicated to the "Parthenos", the goddess Athene

spaces and levels at the top of the sloping hill-path; it shares and leads up to the geometrical austerity of the Cathedral.

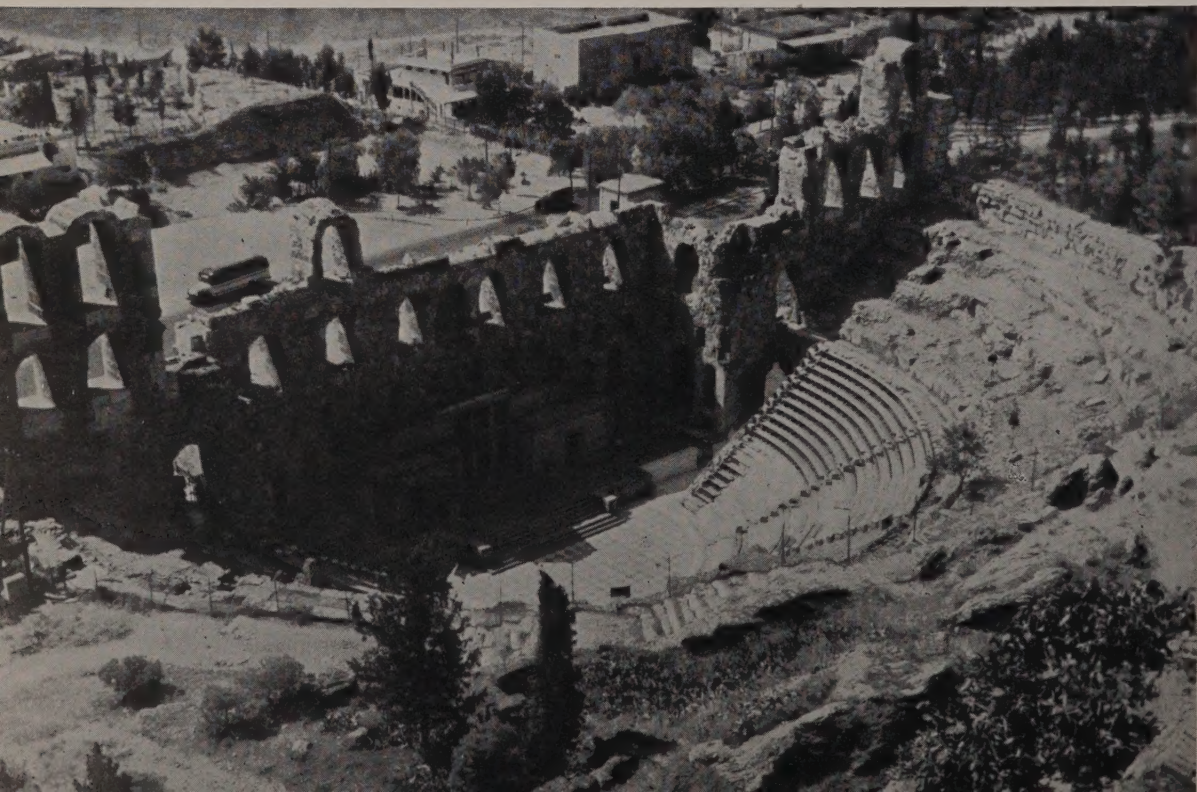
Beside the Propylaea perched on the rock to the south is the little Temple of Victory. If the Parthenon is Westminster Abbey here is a St Margaret's. In the simplicity of its Ionic columns it enshrines the essence of the Greek temple—poise, freedom, symmetry and strength.

Down below on the southern slope of the Acropolis are two other buildings: on the western side the Odeum (this is the Roman Odeum of Herodes Atticus—the Odeum built by Pericles lay east of the theatre) and further along to the east the Theatre of Dionysus, where from the beginning of the 5th century B.C. the dramatic festivals and competitions were staged. The Odeum (the name—"singing place"—is perpetuated in the cinemas of our day) was used for musical competitions and other assemblages. The Theatre like the Odeum consisted of a steeply raked semicircular auditorium, enclosing an open well, the "orchestra", in which the chorus or choir sang and danced in performances, and behind the orchestra a stage and stage buildings. The auditorium seats, intersected by gangways, are plain and backless except for the seats of honour in the front row

where the magistrates and special dignitaries such as ambassadors sat.

The Acropolis and its buildings comprised then a conspicuous civic centre, partly by tradition (the Hill always had been the focus of Athens), partly by the conscious planning of the statesmen of the Athenian prime. It was achieved only with patient budgeting and with the strictest controls and regard to economy and with occasional delays owing to lack of funds. And it was achieved not without controversy. For much of the money required to construct it came from the funds of the great maritime league organized by Athens to secure the peace and freedom of the cities and island-states of the Aegean. Pericles maintained that if Athens provided that peace and security she had a right to use those funds as she thought fit. There were others who opposed this democratic imperialism and considered the policy of Pericles high-handed. But he had his way and held up the ideal of an Athens which should be the centre of Greek culture to which all other states should lift up eyes of admiration; Athens was to be not merely a city of which its own citizens should be proud; it was to be "an education" for the whole Greek world. The historian Thucydides has put into the mouth of Pericles immortal words: "We are lovers

The Odeum, or "singing place" of Herodes Atticus was used for meetings and musical competitions





The Theatre of Dionysus, the centre of Athenian culture and the original setting of Greek drama

of beauty but with us it is within reach of all; we like to cultivate high thinking but not at the cost of our manliness". He goes on to outline his civic ideal in a brilliant speech which was not merely political propaganda of a high order but remains an inspiration today. "Our government is not copied from those of our neighbours; rather we are an example to others. Our government is called a democracy because it is in the hands not of the few but of the many. Our laws secure justice for all in their private disputes on equal terms; our public opinion recognizes and honours talent in every sphere of achievement not for any sectional reason but on merit alone. And as we give free scope for all in our public life, so we carry the same spirit into our daily dealings between man and man . . ." "Ours is no mere work-a-day city. No city provides so many recreations for the spirit as ours—contests and solemn festivals all the year round, and beauty in our public buildings to cheer the heart and delight the eye day by day . . ." "With us wealth is regarded not as a reason for boasting but as an opportunity for achievement; poverty we consider no disgrace to acknow-

ledge but a real degradation where no effort is made to overcome it. Our citizens attend as much to public responsibilities as to their private affairs; no absorption in the home is excuse for political ignorance. We are as a city unique in regarding the man who holds aloof from public life not as 'quiet' but as useless . . ." (And we must never forget that it was the great advantage of the Greek city-state that political issues could be debated by the full citizen body.)

For a generation Athenian greatness matched his claims; it was the generation of the physician Hippocrates, the sculptor Phidias, the tragic poets Sophocles and Aeschylus, of Aristophanes the father of comedy, of the historian Thucydides, of the philosopher Socrates. By the end of the 5th century the political power of Athens declined and the great age was past, but the significance of that age has lasted through the centuries just because it was no beautiful dream but a political reality.

Here in the Acropolis we have a real community centre. In the centre the primacy goes to religion. It is hard for us, as we contemplate this group of buildings divorced by the passage of time from its living context, to

appreciate the intensity and pervasiveness of the religious associations with which it was originally clothed. The Parthenon was in reality a democratic cathedral; here on festival days virtually the whole of the Athenian population would wind its way up through the Great Gate either in or on the fringe of the sacred procession; glimpses of it can be seen in the sections of sculptured frieze now in the British Museum which Lord Elgin brought from the Acropolis at the beginning of the last century. Yet on this citadel the temples stood apart from the ordinary life of every day. Socrates, according to Xenophon, expressed the opinion that temples and altars should have a conspicuous site remote from traffic; for, said he, "it is good to utter a prayer as one lifts one's eyes to them and to come to them unsoiled by human contacts". The Parthenon, the Erechtheum and the Temple of Victory conformed perfectly to these requirements.

The theatres, too, were essentially religious in background; the performances part of a worship. They had of course their secular side; there was no false sentimentalism. The State Treasure was kept in the sanctuary of Athene. Why not? Her worship and the treasure which it had attracted and accumu-

lated reached back into the remote past. It was her city and she would keep safe its treasure. Pericles, we hear, had in his Defence Programme (as live an issue for Athenians in the 430s B.C. as for us today) a reserve of 6000 talents in coined silver which we may estimate as equivalent to over £8,000,000 and this was lodged with Athene.

Such was the function of the Acropolis. Other corporate activities took place elsewhere. The Assembly of the People for political discussion met on the Pnyx, a low hill west of the Acropolis where the speaker faced the sea and the people sat on the gently sloping hillside; the Council of the Elders met on the Areopagus (the Mars' Hill on which St Paul spoke to the Athenians of a later age) on the north-west where seats were hewn out of the rock; the Market-place and the Town Hall and Council Rooms, gymnasia, etc., lay under the north side of the Acropolis, which stood in the midst of all these civic activities dominating them all. From the Acropolis a man might turn his eyes westward and see his parliament; on the north side he would see the busy hum of market and courts; south lay the theatres. (It is tempting to add a mention of the sanctuary of Asclepius, the god of healing built about 420 B.C. on a terrace in the middle of that same southern slope, but it hardly belongs to the Periclean Age and there was no public Health Service in ancient Athens.) But the wider panorama of city and plain, of mountains, bays and headlands and the blue island-strewn sea must have been more inspiring still.

Much has been written of the world's debt to Athens; but there is one aspect that has not received conspicuous recognition. It is that of the community centre. After the time of Alexander, when Greek culture had been spread far and wide through the Near East by his conquests, there were many new city-foundations and Greek



Statues on the Bema (or stage) of Phaëdrus, in the Theatre. The figures represent satyrs who were servants of Dionysus, the god of wine



The auditorium of the Theatre of Dionysus : the front row of marble seats was used by magistrates and other Athenian dignitaries ; behind them rose humbler tiers of limestone benches



This is all that remains of the Sacred Precinct of Asclepius, which crouched just below the Acropolis and joined the Theatre at one end. Its sacred spring was in a shrine, now a Christian chapel

urbanization continued apace in Hellenistic times and under the security afforded by the Roman empire. Town-planning followed definite models. The streets would be built on the geometrical intersecting lines laid down by the pioneer Hippodamus of Miletus and familiar to us in the streets and avenues of New York. A market-place, a theatre, a gymnasium, municipal offices as well as temples and public water-supply—these were the bare essentials of civic life. Architecture, music, drama, athletics and education were cosmopolitan and to a great extent stereotyped; the archetype was to be found in the cities of the Aegean states. During the Roman era the cause of public health was advanced by the prevalence of public baths; and under the Empire most cities had a panel of official doctors. These had salaries paid by the state. Their business was to provide medical care for the citizens; they were allowed to receive fees from individuals but not to limit their attentions to patients who could pay.

There are numerous models for Greek community-planning; notably Olympia, Delphi, Priene, Miletus; these and others may be studied in Professor Wycherley's fascinating

book, published in 1949, *How the Greeks built Cities*. The finest examples belong to Hellenistic times; many of the classic architectural forms did not reach maturity till the 3rd century B.C.; but Athens undeniably furnished an inspiration and a lead. But we must be careful not to exaggerate. Later Hellenistic cities might throughout their layout be models of systematic planning and symmetry; Athens was not. Many of their later foundations could be planned from the start; the city of Athens grew out of an ancient past. We must not imagine it as a city of gleaming marble and classic forms. The Acropolis was a matchless nucleus and pinnacle of calculated beauty, but the rest of the town clustered modestly and irregularly around it at its feet—like a wheel round its hub, says Herodotus.

We must regard Athens then as a pioneer rather than as a perfect city. In community planning as in art, literature, philosophy and politics, she gave the world a notable lead and held up an ideal. Despite all the comings and goings of history, despite all the destruction and decay, the Athenian ideal still shines through, its essential message undimmed.

The Near East: A Survey

III. From Jordan to Egypt

by LOVETT F. EDWARDS

Mr Edwards was until recently the Daily Telegraph correspondent in the Near East. This is the last of three articles in which he shows the disparity in men, minds and methods between the countries composing that important area, and thus how dangerous it is to generalize about them

FURTHER south, through semi-desert lands, one crosses the frontier of Transjordan, or rather now the Hashemite Kingdom of Jordan, a curious admixture, as its name suggests, of hereditary tribal rule with the freedom of the desert. For outside the hastily and incompletely modernized capital of Amman and the traditional sanctuaries of Jerusalem still in Arab hands, many of its few and scattered inhabitants are nomads.

Its ruler, King Abdullah, is the shrewdest politician of the Arab states. He alone has realized, or chosen to realize, that the Jewish state with all its potential threat to the Arab way of life is there to stay. Like a good trader, he accepts the inevitable and is trying to strike as hard a bargain as he can. Only he and far-distant Iraq have omitted to join the new Arab League security pact against foreign aggression which, despite its possibly wide implication, is clearly directed against Israel. He has thus revealed once again the essential disunity of the Arab world and has reduced the pact to its real meaning, an Egyptian-Syrian agreement.

It is an affectation for a journalist to judge a man such as Abdullah. It is quite possible to form an opinion about his policy, but not his personality. I would rather quote two judgements of T. E. Lawrence who knew him well, bearing in mind that Abdullah is now a king and thirty years older than when the words were written. Before the Arab revolt began, Lawrence wrote: "As our conversation continued, I became more and more sure that Abdullah was too balanced, too cool, too humorous to be a prophet: especially the armed prophet who, if history be true, succeeded in revolutions. His value would come perhaps in the peace after success"; and later, when perhaps Lawrence's own enthusiasms made him lukewarm towards the shrewd and scheming politician: "His brain often betrayed its intricate pattern, disclosing idea twisted tightly over idea into a strong cord of design; and thus his indolence marred his scheming, too. The webs were constantly

unravelling through his carelessness in leaving them unfinished. Yet they never separated into straight desires, or grew into effective desires. Always he watched out of the corner of his bland and open eye our returns to his innocent-sounding questions, reading an insect-subtlety of significant meaning into every hesitation or uncertainty or honest mistake".

Time and accomplishment have now unravelled those desires. Jordan alone has got something out of the Arab-Jewish war: the rump of Palestine—and the bulk of the refugees. The first added 400,000 and the second another 430,000 to Transjordan's original population of 400,000. Some long-term solution must be sought for the refugees, for no realist envisages their return to Israel in large numbers. It is true that the majority of them desire such a return. But, on talking with them, one finds that they desire a return to the conditions that existed before the war, but exist no longer.

The Jews have offered such a solution, but it seems to the Arabs a dangerous one. Jewish agricultural efficiency is a fact and could help those refugees make permanent and profitable settlement in the Jordan valley and elsewhere. But the cost would be to introduce the Arabs to an entirely new conception of life with which they are not familiar, or only through envious watching of their more progressive neighbours in pre-war Palestine, and which would have far-reaching social reactions whose end cannot be foreseen. It would also mean the introduction of well-equipped and eloquent Jewish experts into an area still openly claimed by a large and vigorous party in the Jewish state. Once in, could they be got out again?

Abdullah's family were driven out of their hereditary kingdom of the Hejaz by Ibn Saud in the middle twenties, nevertheless he has succeeded in winning the most strategic position in the Arab world. His disadvantages were an exceedingly small population and the



presence of an active and hostile enemy on his frontiers. The former has been partly improved by the incorporation of Arab Palestine; the latter can only be partly improved (it would still be too early to say removed) by an agreement with the Jews.

This is not so improbable as it may sound to those who have not been on the spot. Both sides of course, especially the Jews, have their fanatics. But I was able to see the evident satisfaction of both armies at the first Jerusalem truce, and old friendships between Jews and Arabs in Jerusalem have been interrupted rather than sundered. I attended a great many of the armistice negotiations, both at Rhodes and at the various fronts, in fact all those where observers were permitted, and noted a far more reasonable and friendly feeling in those with Transjordan than with, say, Egypt or Syria. It must not be forgotten that there are still about 150,000 Arabs living in Israel and roughly 15,000 Bedouin still ranging about the Negev wastes controlled by Israel. Their economic troubles, of which they chiefly complain, would be greatly lessened by an agreement between the two states.

But Abdullah has also several advantages. These are: his central position, his knowledge of his own mind (though this frequently changes in detail) and his possession of a small but efficient army. Much has been said about the Arab Legion. If it has won no startling successes, it has at least held its own against a marked superiority in numbers (only a portion of its microscopic forces could be actively employed on the fronts). Its behaviour has been good, as even the Jews admit, when comparing its discipline at Kfar Etzion and elsewhere with the degeneration into pillage and massacre of its allies. Though formed for a specific purpose (which was not, by the way, front-line warfare), it points the way towards that transitory period of discipline which the Arab peoples must force upon themselves before they achieve political ripeness. Among the few honest, constructive and incorruptible Arabs in administrative positions, the men of the Legion rank high. It is pleasant to think that this is largely due to British training and tradition, in an area where everything darker in British rule has been overmuch stressed by propagandists.

"Bland and open-eyed" King Abdullah, ruler of the Hashemite Kingdom of Jordan. The shrewdest of the Arab rulers, he alone among them accepts the fact that the Jewish state is there to stay

Before crossing the battered boundaries of Jerusalem into a new world, it would be well to make a quick visit further southward where the political and social life has changed little since the days of the Prophet. Out of several minor kingdoms and sultanates still anachronistically existent, the most powerful and independent is the Arabia of Ibn Saud. It is ruled by a powerful dynasty, based on puritan Wahabi precepts (smoking and drinking are forbidden and the law of Mahomet is kept even more strictly than by the Prophet himself), tribal loyalties and American oil dividends. Justice still means the cutting off of hands, and sometimes heads, for minor crimes. The aeroplanes and luxury cars of Riyadh are still only complementary to the camel. Finance is still mainly the private affair of the royal family, which also controls the pious and profitable Mecca pilgrimage, after the expulsion in the late twenties of the Hashemite family, one of whom is now King of Jordan and another of Iraq (a fruitful source of feud which has also had its influence upon politics).

Here, our type is the sheikh. Passing over

the oriental lavishness and magnificence of Ibn Saud himself, whose huge stature and intractable temper dominates his subjects as much physically as morally, my mind flies to a tall bearded figure in flowing robes, at whose order a dark subaltern squats opposite me across the traditional platter of roast mutton and saffroned rice and with dignity and hospitality roots with his fingers in the dish to find the honoured guest a particularly succulent titbit, such as the eye or a piece of tempting fat!

I have attended a considerable number of these Bedouin feasts. With a little skill, the less appetizing titbits can usually be disposed of to the camp dogs in a sufficiently surreptitious manner not to offend one's hosts. But one in particular I remember, because of the curious composition of the guests. About ten of us were invited to accompany the Jewish military commander of Beersheba to a feast given by the sheikh of the Tarabin tribe in the Israeli Negev. There were several Israeli officers, a handful of journalists and Lord Samuel, former High Commissioner for Palestine, himself a Jew but not notably a

The Arab Legion marching past King Abdullah on the saluting base. It is an efficient and partly mechanized force, whose fighting qualities have drawn unwilling admiration from Jewish opponents

Keystone Pr





ert J. V. Young



According to the United Nations Relief and Works Agency there are at least 800,000 Arab refugees awaiting resettlement. Living in miserable conditions only in part relieved by international initiative, most of them fled from Palestine when the British mandate ended. (Above) A camp at Aqaba el Jebel in Jordan territory containing 28,000 refugees. (Left) An Arab family, once farmers in Palestine, now hardly more than counters in political bargaining between the Arab and Jewish states



Planet News

King Ibn Saud at a banquet given in Arab style by American oil-men: a feast essentially similar, though more ceremonious and elaborate, to the hospitality shown in Arabia to any important guest. Oil production in Saudi Arabia rose from about 3000 metric tons in 1936 to over 23,000,000 in 1949

Zionist. As soon as the old sheikh saw him, he rushed forward impulsively and kissed him noisily on both cheeks.

After the usual speeches, which follow a set rote and are usually in rhymed Arabic, the real business of the day began and the sheikh was asked to state his grievances, if any. They were mostly concerned with grazing rights which had been curtailed by the military operations. When asked how he suggested righting these wrongs, he asked for the re-establishment of the British desert patrol!

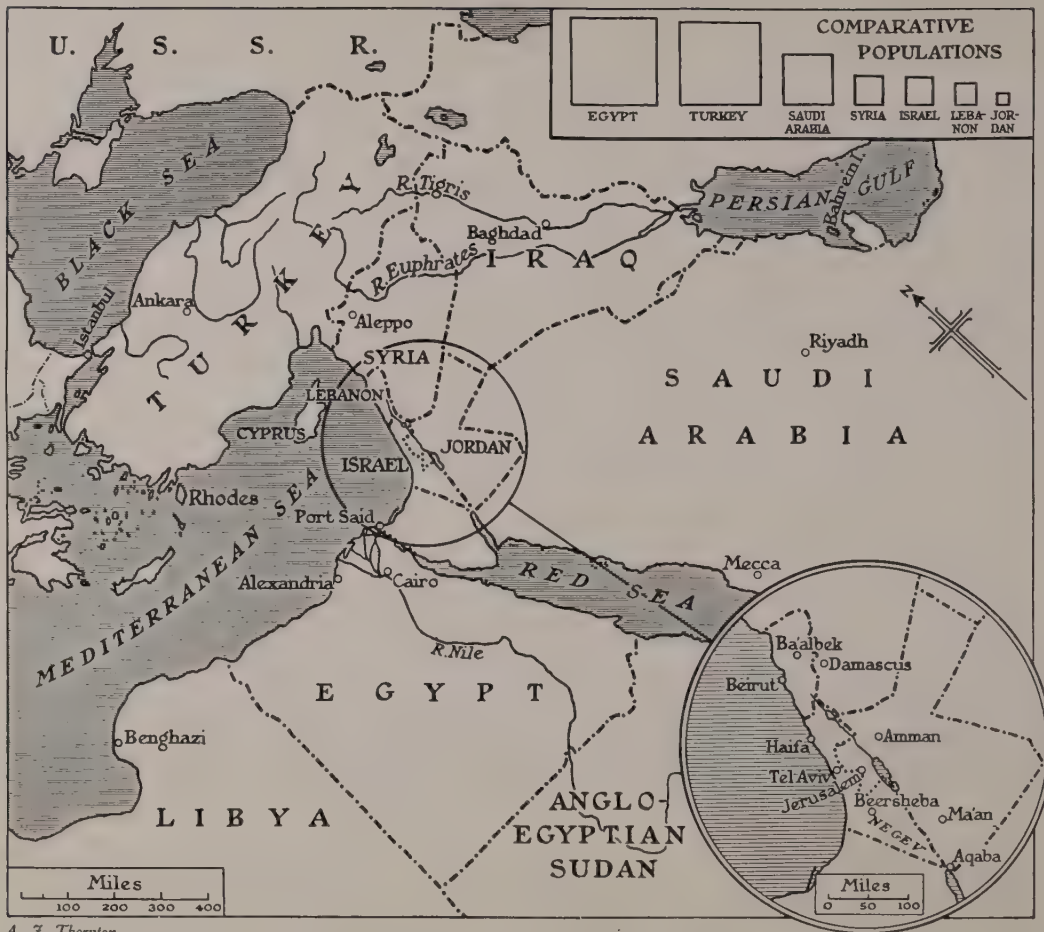
But we must go back now, through the Damascus Gate of Jerusalem and across the battered no-man's-land, through strict scrutiny of passes and documents, to the orthodox quarter of Jewish Jerusalem, where travelers' cars may be stoned upon the sabbath, the roads are blocked by iron chains and beaver hats and kiss-curls remind the visitor of the ghettos of Central Europe. Thence into modern Jerusalem and down the ancient Pilgrims' Way to Tel Aviv and Jaffa, now a composite city, whose former boundary is

marked by the destruction of street-fighting.

Tel Aviv (The Hill of Spring) is the great achievement of Zionism, before its eyes turned to the hills to claim Jerusalem. Thirty years ago it did not exist. Now it is a city of nearly 250,000 inhabitants from all parts of the world, united by the sense of common Jewry which has gradually been buttressed by an intense nationalism brought to fever-heat by the war, and the slow adoption of a national language, Hebrew, difficult to the newcomer because of complicated syntax and archaic script.

It is a tremendous achievement. But its foundations were largely sand and it was built in haste. It already shows this. The older houses, young though they be, already seem down-at-heels and leprous. But new buildings rise daily despite the enormous cost of living, the fantastic overcrowding and the depression due to the new austerity, to which British austerity even at its worst is but a pale original.

Let us be plain. It is extremely uncomfort-



A. J. Thornton

able to live in Tel Aviv. The social graces and the social pleasures are mainly lacking. Physically one's every action and movement is under the eye of many and critical neighbours; spiritually it is like living in a gigantic debating society with but one subject—Israel.

But even Tel Aviv is but a stepping-stone in the mystical conception of "the ingathering of the exiles". It would not be too hard, as the Arabs evidently wished, to imagine this central European excrescence on the Near East—the city reminds one rather of somewhere like Breslau—removed altogether. But outside Tel Aviv a new Jewish type is being born, from whom the fighters, administrators, politicians and technical experts of the new state are largely drawn. They come either from the *kibbutzim*, collective farm villages rather on the Russian model but with greater internal freedom, or from the *moshavim*, villages of individual proprietors with a central co-operative marketing organization.

The villages differ greatly amongst them-

selves, most of them having some sort of loose bond amongst their members, either of common political views or sometimes of common geographical origin. But they are producing a completely new type, which must be called Israeli, since the usual conception of the word Jew is hard to apply to their inhabitants, who are even physically different. This is one of the first misconceptions that the visiting Gentile finds he must, sometimes reluctantly, discard.

A typical example of the new Jewish fighter-peasant is Moshe Dayan, Military Commander of Jerusalem. He was born in a collective settlement near the Sea of Galilee, but later preferred the greater individual freedom of the *moshav* Nahalal near Haifa. From his earliest youth a member of the Jewish semi-secret defence force, the Haganah, he joined one of Wingate's flying commando squads in the campaign against the Vichy French in 1942, where he lost an eye when on outpost work. In the recent Arab-Jewish conflict, he led the Jewish advance

(Right) A young Jewish leader during the battle for the Old City of Jerusalem. He is a specimen of the new type of Israeli fighting man, although he still wears the ringlets of the orthodox Jewish tradition. (Below) Little outward sign of this tradition is to be seen among the children of the collective settlements: for them life has begun anew, striking root in a land that they are in process of making their own

Paul Popper



Paul Popper

that captured Ramleh and Lydda and then became military governor of Jerusalem.

Though at one time sentenced by a Haifa military court to ten years' imprisonment as a Haganah organizer, Dayan has no feeling against the British, speaks excellent English and has modelled his military actions on British (mainly commando) methods. He has a round cheerful face, most strikingly un-'Jewish', and a continuous fund of good-humour and ready wit. His wife is a London Jewess and one of Jerusalem's outstanding hostesses. Though, to use his own words, "my job is to kill Arabs", he is personally on very good terms with them, speaks excellent Arabic and was always in friendly relations with his opposite number in Arab Jerusalem, at that time Abdullah el-Tel.

He is by no means exceptional. A somewhat similar life-story would cover many of the Israeli military leaders, for example Yigal Alon, or the silent chief of operations, Yaakov Dori, and many others.

From men such as these, the Near East as a whole has little to fear and everything to gain. For the moment, they are in the ascendant. Those whom the Arabs fear, and with greater reason, are the sullen, fanatical extremists who are mainly immigrants without the tradition of the country behind them and whom, as experience has shown, it is always difficult and sometimes impossible to control.

But they are a new force. Tel Aviv and Haifa could continue to exist even in an Arab world as trading cities, like modern Beirut or the fortress-cities of the Crusaders, but with the peculiar flavour of Jewish tradition and religion which still binds even that very large class of Jews that outwardly affects to belittle or deny them. But the fighting villagers—for with their culture and technical achievement it is hard to call them peasants—are another story. They bring new life to the cities and are in the land to stay. They are also increasing numerically, both normally and by immigration (though it takes the immigrant some years to acquire the 'tone' of the country), by leaps and bounds. They are technically the most constructive and spiritually the most disintegrating of the forces in the Near East today.

Their energy is boundless and is spurred on by an intense faith in their own destiny. During the Arab-Jewish war, it was interesting and surprising to contrast the total mobilization of a Jewish town or village with the haphazard, go-as-you-please preparation of their neighbours across the battle-line. Probably a later historian will say that the war, at

that juncture, saved the Jewish state. For it united the Jewish people by a sense of necessity and canalized their energies into a single great effort, eliminated their normally fissile tendencies and religious bigotries which were already evident under the mandate, and which led to the destruction of their last independent state nearly 1900 years ago.

It is an old story that the visitor to Palestine had only to look at the cultivation of the soil to recognize a Jewish or an Arab village. Today, materially assisted, it is true, by international Jewry, the Israelis have in a few short months done more for the reclamation and development of their land than any other Near Eastern state has done in as many centuries. To find similar ingenuity and labour, one has to go far back to the Nabateans. This terrific energy, coupled with the Jewish passion for technical and political experiment, cannot long be contained by the shallow boundaries of modern Israel. If it does not find an outlet in war—and the people are for the moment sick of war and its economic aftermath which still lies heavily upon them—it will do so in peace. Jewish agricultural achievement is centuries in advance of the Arab states. Jewish industrial achievement, though hampered by a ridiculously high wage-scale and inclined to be shoddy in quality, is nevertheless far ahead of any other country in the Near East save Turkey which, too, it will soon outstrip. It will expand or burst.

The bursting-point is not imminent. The country is crippled by excessive taxation and an inflationary tendency and will take another decade at least to settle its immigration problems which are acute. Curiously enough, the Jews in their own land have shown themselves daring and courageous innovators in war and in agriculture though indifferent financiers. But there are no frontiers for ideas and few strong enough to resist technical progress.

It is this that the neighbours of Israel fear, more than her army and air force though these are admittedly the most powerful, save those of Turkey, in the Near East today.

The Arabs hope that Israel will succumb under her own financial burdens. That argues a complete misconception of the modern Jew and an under-appreciation of the force of international Jewry. As an Israeli put it to me: "What if we are in a financial mess? No state ever ceased to exist because it went bankrupt!"

I do not myself share the fear that Israel will go Communist. Communism and Zionism are at loggerheads throughout central and



Kodachrome by Russell Rosen

(Above) Arab camels ploughing at Beit Hanoun, which is in the Gaza Strip under Egyptian administration. Being on the edge of the Negev Desert, the poor soil only produces a single, unhealthy crop after the short spring rains. Even this often fails, for Arab agricultural methods are extremely primitive. (Right) The Jews, on the contrary, have developed agricultural technique to the utmost. Along the Judean foothills the stony soil is good for producing olives. Their slow growth and need for careful cultivation require, however, a degree of patience and skill that the Zionist is far better able and usually more willing to give than is the Arab of Palestine



Ektachrome by George Pickow from Three Lion



Ektachrome by George Pickow from Three Lions



Ektachrome by George Pickow from Three Lions

Israel is essentially a pioneer country: it has a crudity and rawness, but also a faith, energy and initiative. Tel Aviv (above), its capital, has grown within thirty years from a heap of sand-dunes into a big city. (Left) The farmers of a Jewish community turn to house-building. With the need for immediate housing and the lack of skilled labour, the Jews have made full use of prefabrication

Narrow streets, crowded markets and age-old associations make Arab Jerusalem the most attractive of the Near Eastern cities. Here, lack of buyers keeps prices low, but in the Jewish part of the city across the lines they have rocketed

eastern Europe and the Communists have almost cut off Jewish emigration which is the life-blood of the new state. But Ben Gurion's Mapai party is busy carrying out a thoroughly socialist programme, with a few significant gestures towards the capitalist economy of the United States. His only serious rival, the left-wing Mapam, might modify those gestures, but also subscribes enthusiastically to the Zionist line and would probably do so even more if given power.

None the less, both these policies seem dangerous to Egypt, nominally a constitutional monarchy, modified by schoolboy assassinations and occasional outside advice. Strange theories might penetrate through Gaza, despite the Sinai desert, to the Egyptian *fellah* whose situation under King Farouk is not enviable. Tel Aviv stevedores get from two to five pounds a day depending on the work they do. In Alexandria, at least according to those loading the ship on which I recently returned to England, they get only four shillings! This sort of inequality means more to the Eastern labourer than any amount of political theory. He is not likely to know, or to be impressed if he does know, that the cost of living is far higher in Israel than in Egypt. He would probably say, with justice: "It is not twenty-five times more."

I will say nothing here of the position of the Egyptian middle class which has been dealt with by Lord Kinross in a recent article in greater detail and with more personal knowledge than I possess.

Egypt is certainly the best breeding-ground for Communism in the Near East, because of its great social inequality and the rise of a large semi-literate class that cannot



Kodachrome by Russell Rosen

be gainfully employed. But the Egyptian is inclined to equate Communism with Judaization (to coin a word) and is mortally afraid that theories of socialism from Israel will be merely the thin edge of a Communist wedge.

Furthermore, Egypt is still smarting at the complete defeat of her *élite* troops at the hands of those who, at the beginning of the war, were little more than a bunch of disorganized commandos. Her prestige as a military power, never very high, disappeared overnight. The haven of unrest, which is in part the Jewish contribution to the Near Eastern scene, is more dangerous to Egypt and her rulers than to anyone else.

There are many other facets of this extremely intricate area that could be mentioned. Space forbids. But at least let us hope that no reader of these articles will henceforth be tempted to speak of the unity of the Near East, unless in some sense that excludes politics, economics, race, language and culture.



Mosedale Beck, Cumberland. Mountain river with bed of rounded stones forming an unstable bottom

Life in Trout-Streams

by T. T. MACAN, M.A., Ph.D.

Dr Macan conducts research at the Freshwater Biological Association's laboratory on Windermere. The five colour-plates accompanying his article are reproduced by permission of Adprint and the Editors of the New Naturalist Series, published by Collins, in which they will soon appear as illustrations to a volume by Dr Macan and Dr E. B. Worthington entitled Life in Lakes and Rivers

"WHAT is the use of it?" That is the question which most laymen ask when they are shown some unfamiliar animal. It derives from the comfortable Victorian idea that living organisms originated exactly as described in the Book of Genesis, and that each fills an appointed place in a scheme of things at the apex of which stands Man. It may be likened to the communist conception of society—not the Kremlinist Communism that causes so much alarm in the world today, but the true communism of the Jewish settlements in Palestine, in which each individual has his

allotted place, contributes what he can, and receives what he needs. The naturalist sees the world of animals and plants in a different light and compares it rather with a capitalist society in an early stage of development where it is every man for himself and the devil take the idle and the inefficient. Life, for every species of animal and plant, is a constant struggle of extreme severity. In the environment with which we are concerned here, there are physical difficulties with which each species must contend, and, these having been overcome, the organism must compete with

others that eat the same kind of food or occupy the same sort of living-space, and seek to avoid the attacks of larger and smaller creatures that prey on or parasitize it. This struggle becomes clearer to the naturalist if he studies it in relation to one particular organism and attempts to work out a food-chain. In Britain the trout is a useful focal point; it is one of the most widespread of our native fish and therefore prominent in the food-chain, and it has value for the sport it provides.

The trout-fisherman, walking across a

mountain pasture on his way to fish in some such stream as that shown on p. 442, may fall to comparing the production of the sheep that he sees around with the production of trout. Grass grows upon the mountainside, deriving the necessities of life from inorganic substances in the soil, from water, and from carbon dioxide, a gas that forms part of the atmosphere. It uses the sun's energy to build up these substances into living matter. It will not produce a large crop for three reasons. First, the soil is poor and the supply of nutrient substances from it meagre. Secondly,

River Feshie, Inverness-shire. The rock at this point is not covered with ice- and water-borne deposits (contrast with picture opposite), nor has it disintegrated much (contrast with the picture on p. 444). Only a few kinds of animals (e.g. limpets and larvae of Simulium) can cling to the bare rock face; they provide little food for fish. The pool above the bridge is floored with stones, among which will be found nymphs of stoneflies and Ephemeroptera, larvae of caddisflies, and freshwater shrimps. The trout feed on these animals but probably have hard work to find them among the stones





River Conway, North Wales. The bottom here, formed mainly by the disintegration of bare rock, is more stable and therefore more thickly populated with small animals than the one shown on p. 442

the temperature remains rather low all through the year, and thirdly mountains are wet misty places that receive rather less sunshine than other parts of the country. The farmer knows from long experience how many sheep a given area will stand, and, in due course, having set aside a sufficient breeding-stock, he sends his sheep to the butcher. It is a simple food-chain: inorganic substances + sunlight → vegetation → herbivorous sheep → carnivorous man.

The production of a crop of trout is basically similar but more complex. Trout are carnivores, and therefore there is an extra link in the food-chain, or more than one since some of the animals that trout eat are carnivorous too. Seeking animal food that can flee and hide is less easy than grazing on grass, that remarkable plant which continues to grow under the fiercest cropping. The sheep-farmer, as we have seen, controls the rate of reproduction, and has exterminated animals such as wolves that prey on his flocks;

wild animals are not subject to either of these controls.

Rather than to discuss these and other questions academically, it is preferable to choose a few examples from the great diversity of habitats that our streams and rivers present, and consider the problems peculiar to each. The first photograph shows a river in a mountainous region just at the point where it has left the steep fellside and entered the head of a valley. It is not to be expected that the river will be very productive, for the same reasons that the mountainside from which it has come is not very productive. There are other reasons. The river bottom cannot be seen in the photograph on p. 442 but we may deduce from the stones of which the wall in the picture is made that it consists of rounded stones and boulders. The whole valley is probably floored with such material left behind by the Ice Age, during which glaciers plucked it from the side of the mountain and ground it together to produce

the smooth rounded surfaces that are characteristic. Such a substratum is likely to shift a little every time a rainstorm on the mountain causes a spate. Elsewhere the water may flow over bare rock in a bed such as is shown on p. 443. Bare rock usually becomes overgrown with mosses or algae unless it is heavily shaded, and usually it remains permanently bare only when it is scoured by stones and gravel brought down by a flood. In other parts, where ice-ground material is absent—such a stretch is shown on p. 444—the bottom may consist of large flat stones that the river has torn off the rock over which it flows. These stones are less easily shifted by spates, the bottom is more stable, and there is usually a thick growth of moss.

Certain animals, notably the freshwater limpets and larvae of *Simulium* (the adults are known as buffalo gnats but I doubt if that name conveys more to most people than the Latin one) are adapted to cling, and can live on bare rock and on the upper surface of stones exposed to the swiftest currents. Various species of Ephemeroptera are flat-

tened and adapted to cling to stones. Among the stones may be found stonefly nymphs, caddisfly larvae (particularly those that spin nets and live on the particles which they strain out of the water), and freshwater shrimps, to mention only the commonest and largest animals. (The immature stages of insects are known as nymphs when they have the same general form as the adults, and as larvae, or in butterflies caterpillars, when they are quite different.)

In a given area of moss the total number of animals may be relatively quite large, but the rolling stones are usually thinly populated. This is due to the effect of spates, which roll the stones together and crush or dislodge the animals dwelling between them. A severe flood may produce an effect comparable to that which the farmer suffers when an unexpected fall of snow buries his sheep on the mountains. Bare rock may support a good population of minute animal life if it is not liable to scouring.

On the whole the amount of animal food available for the fish to eat is not great. There

River Test, Hampshire. The current is much slower here than it is in the three preceding rivers; mud settles on the bottom and rooted plants can grow. The water-weeds harbour many small animals





River Dover, Hampshire, choked with water-buttercup and other vegetation. Plants of this type cannot gain a foothold in stony mountain rivers, but thrive where the flow is sluggish and the bottom consequently muddy. In a river draining a fertile valley, such as is shown on p. 445, luxuriant growth of vegetation is to be expected, and only by constant weed-cutting and dredging can man keep lowland rivers confined to their beds. Small animals abound in water-weeds, but if, as here, there is too much cover, fish cannot get at the animals to eat them

arises a further question: how easily can the animals be obtained by fish? It is known from examination of stomach contents that they cannot pluck off clinging organisms such as limpets, but how readily the animals that are eaten are obtained is not known; obviously it is an extremely difficult problem to investigate. It may be surmised, however, that fish have to expend much energy hunting food in a region in which most of the creatures they prey on live beneath stones or in tufts of moss.

In the swiftly flowing stony reaches that have been considered, the trout is by far the commonest fish. There may be extensive gravel beds, and therefore conditions for reproduction are good. Predacious fish such as pike are absent and there are not many otters or predacious birds such as herons. The population of fish may therefore be large. Fish are peculiar in that growth is not limited as in other animals. If food is plentiful, trout may continue to grow as long as they live, reaching a weight of ten pounds and more,

but if food is scarce they may become sexually mature when less than half a pound and live several years without exceeding this weight.

Everything therefore combines to produce small fish in stony mountain rivers. There is not much that can be done to produce larger fish. Afforestation of the lower slopes is one possible step—not afforestation with spruce and larch as is the common practice today, but afforestation with oakwood, the original vegetation. This reduces the rate at which rain runs off the land surface and therefore lessens the fierce scouring that depopulates rivers of the type shown on p. 442. Further, deciduous woodland produces more food for the invertebrate population, for there is evidence that leaf fragments may be a more important source of food in torrential streams than the thin covering of algal growth which is the natural underwater vegetation.

The photograph on p. 445 shows a lowland river flowing through flat cultivated land, and no greater contrast to the swift stony river can be found. The gathering-ground in this particular instance is chalk, which is permeable. Rain percolates slowly through the chalk and emerges from springs at the hill-foot, wherefore heavy rain causes a much smaller flood-wave in the river. The calcareous water is more favourable to life than the almost pure or acid peaty water that comes from hard rocks, and nutrient salts are derived from the cultivated land through which the river flows. The current is sluggish and mud accumulates on the bottom, rich mud in which rooted vegetation grows luxuriantly.

This vegetation, a little of which would be so welcome in swift stony rivers, presents the angler with his first problem. If left to itself, it attains a luxuriance such as is shown opposite and chokes the river to such an extent that living space for fish is seriously curtailed. Regular removal of rooted plants is one of the main activities of water management in lowland rivers. The farmer whose land may be flooded and the miller whose mill may be starved of water as a result of too much vegetation are content to see the plants removed wholesale. The angler proceeds more cautiously, for the vegetation provides both food and cover for smaller animals, harbouring a population which is larger than that of the stony bottom and more easy for fish to obtain; sufficient weed must be left to give shelter to a good breeding-stock of these smaller animals.

Much remains to be discovered about the exact balance. Ideally there should be enough cover to enable a good breeding-stock to maintain itself but not enough to give too

much protection to the animals on which fish feed. Weed-dwelling animals are either slow—for example, snails and case-bearing caddis larvae—or active swimmers such as Ephemeroptera nymphs. Animals that dart about are conspicuous to fish, and some of the slow ones show up against the background; it is therefore probable that fish can find food among weeds with much less effort than among stones. If weed is sparse, some animals may be preyed on so heavily that they are almost or quite exterminated. Further, a predator-prey relationship may exist not only between fish and invertebrate animals but between invertebrates, and the possibility of excessive predation lower down in the food-chain must be borne in mind. This is a line of investigation that has scarcely been tackled at all.

In the slow lowland reaches, the fish themselves present different problems; trout may still be abundant if the water is not too sluggish, but in addition there will be several species of coarse fish. Most of these eat the same food as trout and therefore compete with them. Here too there is a delicate balance that will need to be investigated for many years yet before dogmatic assertions about the best measures can be made. It is usual to wage war on predators of all kinds, whether they be fish, birds, or mammals, but it is by no means always certain that they are not an asset on account of the quantity of coarse fish that they eat. Moreover, if spawning facilities are good for trout, a more severe cropping than anglers achieve may be desirable, lest trout become numerous and consequently small in size because there is not enough food to go round. This will be denounced as heresy by many anglers, for it is a common practice not only to campaign against predators but also to augment the natural population with hatchery-reared fish. None the less it is a conclusion that has been reached in many different parts of the world wherever the problem has been subjected to careful scientific analysis.

It is not possible in the space of a few pages to dwell on all aspects of the problem; it is difficult to discuss it properly without describing the many different kinds of animals and plants that are found in fresh water, or referring to what little is known about their relationships to each other and to physical and chemical attributes of the water in which they are found. Furthermore rivers and streams are so diverse that generalizations can be made only with caution. But if this article has aroused a little interest and also a little provocation, it will have served its purpose.

Drake's Plate of Brass

by DOROTHY CARRINGTON

World War II has overshadowed a remarkable discovery, of particular interest to Englishmen though still known to very few, that was made on the coast of California in 1936. The following account of it, specially written for The Geographical Magazine, is partly based, with the Society's kind permission, on a publication of the California Historical Society by H. E. Bolton and D. S. Watson

MORE than three hundred and fifty years ago, before the British Empire had come into being, before the English had entered India or Africa or settled in Virginia, Francis Drake annexed California in the name of Queen Elizabeth. This formidable acquisition was an unforeseen, almost accidental result of his famous voyage round the world, the main object of which was not colonization but plunder.

Drake was already a hero to the English when he set out on this voyage, and a notorious pirate to their rivals the Spaniards, the rich and arrogant exploiters of the New World. The most audacious of Elizabethan seamen, he had terrorized the Spanish Main from the Orinoco to Panama, seizing ships, raiding ports and even inland towns. In the course of one of these expeditions, from the heights of the mountains in Panama, he had seen the Pacific for the first time, and had thereupon vowed to be the first Englishman to sail its waters and pillage the fabulously wealthy Spanish colonies on its shores.

Accordingly in December 1577 he left England with a fleet of five ships, crossed the Atlantic in appalling weather, and without stopping to harry the Spaniards on the eastern American coast sailed through the Straits of Magellan which had only been navigated three times since their discovery. Such were the hazards of the voyage that only one ship of the original five reached the Pacific—Drake's own, the *Golden Hind*.

That any Englishman should succeed in navigating the straits was so unexpected that the Spaniards were unprepared for attack. Sailing up the coasts of Chile, Peru and Mexico Drake met with hardly any resistance. One after another treasure-laden ship fell into his hands, freighted with the gold and silver of America, the luxuries of the Orient—silks, porcelain and jewels. He was able to sack the ports with impunity; at Tarapaca he even found a Spaniard asleep on the shore with a vast pile of silver lying unprotected on the ground beside him which he had just

brought down from the mines in the interior. His crowning achievement was the capture of the *Cacafuego*, a ship carrying an immense cargo of gold and silver, pearls and precious stones. Drake's total loot taken on these coasts has been valued at £500,000, as much as was then the whole revenue of the crown of England for a year.

To decide upon the return route of a ship carrying so heavy and valuable a cargo was a grave responsibility. Obviously it would have been madness to attempt the Straits of Magellan, where the Spaniards would certainly be awaiting the English in force. An ancient belief was then current in England that the Atlantic and Pacific were linked by a navigable sea passage through the northern part of America. In the hope of striking the North-West Passage Drake sailed as far north as the 48th parallel, when, finding no likely inlet and rightly concluding that if any passage existed it must lie in the unnavigable Arctic zone, he gave up his search. The weather, moreover, had already become intolerably cold; although it was June freak hail-storms, fogs and biting winds were affecting the health and spirits of his crew.

To the relief of all on board Drake decided to make his return voyage across the Pacific. Sailing south to 38° 30', on June 17, 1579, he put into a "convenient and fit harbour" to overhaul the ship in preparation for this tremendous undertaking. It was here that Drake made his most important, if least productive, acquisition for the English crown.

His five weeks' stay on the desolate Californian coast, which must have been one of the strangest experiences that befell him in all this extraordinary voyage, is vividly described by Francis Fletcher, the ship's chaplain, in his celebrated chronicle *The World Encompassed by Sir Francis Drake*. On the day after the Englishmen's arrival the native inhabitants began to gather on the shore. They were an uncouth, barbarous-looking people, the men naked, the women wearing skirts made of some kind of bulrushes



British Museum

Part of Hondius' map (c. 1595) marking the route Drake took on his voyage round the world. Calling at Nova Albion to refit his ship after successfully plundering the Spaniards on the Pacific coast, he returned via the East Indies and Cape of Good Hope, the first Englishman to circle the globe

and deerskins on their shoulders. Soon a man was seen approaching the ship in a canoe who addressed the Englishmen in a "long and tedious" and necessarily incomprehensible speech, accompanied by gestures of reverence and submission. Later he came back with some poor curious gifts: a bundle of black feathers and a little basket of herbs. Drake in return offered him various "good things", but he humbly refused them all except a hat.

In spite of these signs of friendship Drake

took the precaution of constructing a fort when he landed with his men. His voyages had taught him enough of the treachery of seemingly harmless savages. At the sight of these warlike preparations the Californians assembled with their bows and arrows. But their intentions were peaceable; they merely stood gazing at the strangers "as men ravished in their minds, . . . their errand" relates Fletcher, "being rather with submission and fear to worship us as gods than

to have any war with us as mortal men".

They continued to treat the Englishmen as gods during the whole of their stay, an attitude which was embarrassing but useful. No country was ever more easily conquered than theirs. Day after day they streamed down to the fort with offerings of feathers, quivers made from deer-skins, and herbs, while invariably refusing the European clothes which Drake tried to bestow on them in return. The women, indeed, were inclined to strip off even such coverings as they possessed; with a piteous "crying and shrieking" they tore their naked flesh with their nails and flung themselves on the ground, "never respecting", notes the horrified chaplain, "whether it were clean or soft, but dashed themselves in this manner on hard stones, knobbly hillocks, stocks of wood and pricking bushes . . ."

Shocked by this "bloody sacrifice" Drake, who in common with the most piratical of Elizabethan seamen always considered it his duty to carry the message of Christianity to the heathen, enjoined a religious service, in order to demonstrate that the Englishmen were not gods but themselves worshippers. But although the natives were entranced by the psalm-singing and bible-reading they persisted in their extravagant devotions.

Meanwhile news of the white gods had spread; vast numbers flocked to the shore, and at last appeared the king or *Hióh* of the country. After an exchange of peaceful tokens he approached the fort in state procession, a pathetic attempt to impress the Englishmen with the pomp and ceremony his primitive country could command. The effect must have been bizarre in the extreme. All in this great concourse of savages had painted their faces, black, white and other colours. In front marched a tall man carrying a wooden sceptre from which hung two crowns on chains intricately made of bones. The crowns were decorated with feathers, "very artificially placed, and of a formal fashion". Behind him came the king surrounded by a guard of a hundred painted warriors, wearing a similar crown and a coat of rabbit-skins to his waist. He was followed by a herd of naked men and women carrying baskets of food.

Judging that he had nothing to fear from them Drake opened the fort. The strange crowd entered dancing and singing, the women "with their wassail bowls in their hands", their flesh as usual lacerated by self-inflicted wounds, bringing up the rear. When they had exhausted themselves with these

jubilations they begged Drake to be seated. The king and his chief men then made several solemn orations, accompanied by signs from which the Englishmen could gather that they entreated Drake to do nothing less than "to take the province and kingdom into his hand, and become their king and patron: making signs that they would resign unto him their right and title to the whole land, and become his vassals in themselves and their posterities". Finally the king himself, amid his rejoicing subjects, placed a crown on Drake's head and hung his neck with chains, while the crowd acclaimed the new ruler with the cry of "*Hióh*". The ceremony ended with a song and dance of triumph.

It would have been contrary to human nature to refuse such an offer, and Drake, moreover, was the representative of the Queen, a master empire-builder of a rising and ambitious nation. With befitting dignity he accepted the crown "in the name and to the use of Her Most Excellent Majesty".

Drake had been crowned king, and California had become the first English overseas possession. Although it looked barbarous enough, the Englishmen recognized its potentialities. The people, certainly, had not passed beyond the Stone-Age level of civilization, living miserably on roots and fish in earthen huts partly scooped out of the ground; but they were undeniably of a "tractable, free and loving nature, without guile or treachery" which would be of great convenience to future colonists. Moreover the country though undeveloped was fertile, and abounded in rabbits and very fat deer, as Drake discovered when he made an inland expedition to view his domain. It was therefore with pride that he named it Nova Albion on account of the similarity of its white cliffs with those of Dover.

Before leaving he put up a plate to commemorate his claim. Fletcher describes this plate very exactly in words which were to become of the utmost importance to modern historians. It was "a plate of brass, fast nailed to a great and firm post; whereon is engraven Her Grace's name, and the day and year of our arrival there, and of the free giving up of the province and kingdom, both by the king and people, into Her Majesty's hands: together with Her Highness' picture and arms, on a piece of sixpence current English money, showing itself by a hole made of purpose through the plate: underneath was likewise engraven the name of our General, etc." (The captain of such expeditions in Elizabethan times was customarily given the title of "general".) Drake had not

apparently foreseen the possibility of acquiring important new territories, and the only available emblem of the Queen was the sixpence which he thus ingeniously put to use.

After a stay of thirty-seven days, during which the ship had been satisfactorily repaired, Drake sailed away into the Pacific leaving his simple subjects moaning and shrieking and tearing their flesh on the shore. Further successes awaited him; in the Moluccas he was honourably received by the Sultan of Ternate who gave him a concession in the much-prized trade in spices, while the Rajah of Java made him a present of costly silks. At last, having spent "two years ten months and some few odd days beside, in seeing the wonders of the Lord in the deep", he reached England, the first of his countrymen to circle the globe.

Drake had brought home enormous wealth, coveted trading privileges, and invaluable information for future navigators; above all, he had scored a resounding victory over England's hated enemies, the Spaniards. These achievements were so spectacular that the annexation of desolate California and the submission of its primitive inhabitants was almost ignored. Neither Queen Elizabeth nor her successors took advantage of this gift to the nation. California passed into other hands; Drake's plate of brass was forgotten. If any thought of it in succeeding centuries they regarded it as an object as unlikely to reappear as the cloak which Walter Raleigh is said to have spread under Queen Elizabeth's feet. Even its existence was questioned. Elizabethan chroniclers are notoriously inaccurate; Drake himself had called Fletcher "ye falsest knave that liveth", and many regarded the story of Drake's coronation and the plate of brass as picturesque invention.

Attempts were made, in the course of time, by American historians to ascertain the exact location of the "convenient and fit harbour" where Drake landed. It was first assumed to have been San Francisco Bay; in more recent years a small inlet just above the Golden Gate, now known as Drake's Bay, Trinidad Bay, Tomales Bay, Bolinas Bay and Bodega Bay have all been suggested.

Nothing further on the subject could be learned, nor seemed ever likely to be learned, until a few years ago. In the summer of 1936 a Mr Beryle Shinn was driving on his holiday about San Francisco Bay. At a spot on the north shore of Corte Madera Creek, not far from San Quentin, one of the tyres of his car punctured. The day was fine; Mr Shinn and his friends climbed a steep ridge of rock by

the roadside and sat admiring the view. They were amusing themselves rolling rocks down the slope when Mr Shinn observed a sheet of metal partly covered by rock and thickly encrusted with earth. Thinking it was iron, and seeing that it would be just the right size to patch a hole in the inside of his car, he took it home with him. About a month later, when he was about to use it for this purpose he noticed on it what looked like an inscription. With soap and a brush he removed some of the dirt that covered it. Among the indecipherable marks thus revealed one word could be understood, which gave him a hint that he had stumbled on a find of inestimable value: the romantic and historic name of Drake.

Mr Shinn showed the plate to Dr Bolton of the University of California, who immediately set about methodically cleaning it. The message that appeared was one that no white man had seen for three hundred and fifty-eight years:

BEE IT KNOWNE UNTO ALL MEN BY
THESE PRESENTS | JUNE 17 1579 | BY THE
GRACE OF GOD AN IN THE NAME OF
HERR | MAIESTY QUEEN ELIZABETH OF
ENGLAND AND HERR | SUCCESSORS FOREVER
I TAKE POSSESSION OF THIS | KINGDOME
WHOSE KING AND PEOPLE FREELY
RESIGNE | THEIR RIGHT AND TITLE IN THE
WHOLE LAND UNTO HERR | MAIESTIES
KEEPEING NOW NAMED BY ME AN TO BEE |
KNOWNE UNTO ALL MEN AS NOVA ALBION
FRANCIS DRAKE

Below the inscription was a jagged hole with grooves in its edges into which an Elizabethan sixpence could be conveniently inserted.

Everything pointed to the fact that here indeed was the most exciting and improbable of historical finds: Drake's plate of brass. The inscription bore out in every detail the information given by Fletcher. The plate had all the appearance of authenticity. The lettering and spelling were in keeping with the 16th century; it was irregular in shape and crudely engraved, as though made amateurishly with whatever materials came to hand. The brass resembled that with which Elizabethan ships were commonly fitted; a sea-captain gave his opinion that this piece, with one slightly curved edge, might well have been cut from the track of a gun-carriage of the period. There were even four square holes for the spikes that held it to the post, and nails and spikes in the 16th century were customarily square.

If it was a fake it was an extremely clever one, and this seemed unlikely. Anyone



National Maritime Museum

An engraving from an early 17th-century collection of travels. Drake is being crowned 'king' of Nova Albion; behind him two of his crew erect the "great and firm post" on the foreshore; in the bay the artist wrongly shows four ships: only Drake's ship, Golden Hind, reached California

learned enough to have made it would surely have placed it in one of the bays where modern historians have supposed that Drake landed. He would hardly have resisted the temptation of supplying a sixpence to fit the hole, whereas no Elizabethan coin has been found on or near the spot where the plate came to light. Moreover he would certainly have made sure of selling the counterfeit for a high price.

Subsequent scientific tests were however made, and these have established beyond any doubt the authenticity of the plate. It has been shown that its dark coating is a natural patina formed over a period of years; that the defects and imperfections in the brass correspond with those usually found in old brass; while the particles of mineralized plant-tissue discovered embedded in it conclusively prove its great age. The impurities in its components are those usually found in brass

of the period; and it is evident that the plate was made not by rolling but by hammering, as was the practice in Drake's time. With complete conviction Colin G. Fink, Head of the Division of Electrochemistry, Columbia University, and E. P. Polushkin, Consulting Metallurgical Engineer, have been able to announce in their report to the California Historical Society that this brass plate "is the genuine Drake Plate referred to in the book, *The World Encompassed by Sir Francis Drake*".

Through the generosity of seventeen contributors Mr Chickering, President of the California Historical Society, was able to purchase the plate from its finder. It was then presented to the University of California, where it can now be seen, the most remarkable relic of the Elizabethan age of maritime adventure and the only token that exists, or has ever existed, of the first, and neglected, imperial acquisition of the English crown.

The Eruption of Hekla 1947-48

by SIGURDUR THORARINSSON



1. Thorarinn from Vignir

The author, now Director of the Geographical Institute of Stockholm University, is an Icelander well known for studies of glaciology and volcanology in his own country. He was on the spot when the world-famous volcano last erupted and here records some personal adventures and impressions

It is now almost three years since the embers of the last Hekla eruption died out. The eruption had then been going on for thirteen months, and much of that time I spent on or near the volcano in the company of other scientists. No natural event that I have ever witnessed can equal this eruption in intensity and grandeur, and yet it sometimes happens that I ask myself: "Have I really experienced this, or was it only a dream?" so unreal and far removed from all actuality does it seem in retrospect. To be sure a volcanic eruption is nothing very unusual in my country, which nevertheless takes its name from its ice, and I had myself seen an eruption from a distance before and experienced darkness at noon. But when Hekla erupts it is no ordinary eruption. Hekla's eruptions are usually among the most magnificent to occur anywhere on

earth, and the last one was no exception. This time, moreover, a special interest was lent to the event by the fact that, as Hekla was last active in 1845, no living person had seen it in eruption. And in any case Hekla has always had a magic power over men's minds ever since the Dark Ages, when throughout Christendom people listened in terror to stories in which the mountain was variously described as the Gate of Hell and the Abode of the Condemned.

And now, nearly three years after the eruption, when I try to recall some of my adventures and personal impressions, it is with a feeling of incompetence. Words seem empty and inadequate when one attempts to describe such a raging pandemonium as a Hekla eruption.

A little before seven o'clock on the morning of March 29, 1947, the telephone rang in my

(Opposite) By seven o'clock on March 29, the first day of the eruption of Hekla and only about twenty minutes after it had begun, a great column of ash and vapour rose 90,000 feet above the volcano. A photograph taken at sea from seventy-five miles away. (Below) Hekla, four hours later, seen from a 'plane. Lightning flashed through the vast cauliflower-shaped clouds rolling up into the sky above the glowing lava; and dark mud-streams, caused by melting snow and ice, wound like enormous worms down the mountain to the white plain below

Páll Jónsson



home in Reykjavík. I reached for the receiver, still half asleep, and a familiar voice said excitedly: "Well, Sigurdur, here it is". "What is?" I asked. "Hekla is erupting", was the answer. The caller was my friend Steinthór Sigurdsson, Director of our State Research Institute. He had been awakened a few minutes before by the meteorologist on duty at the Weather Bureau with a report of a curious cloud in the eastern sky, had taken the bearings of the cloud and ascertained that it must come from Hekla.

At this news I was immediately wide awake and ran outside without taking the time to get fully dressed. Of the sight that met my eyes no words can give half as good an idea as the photograph on page 454, which was taken at

seven o'clock, twelve miles south-west of Reykjavík and at a distance of seventy-five miles from Hekla. This picture was taken with a simple box camera by a young seaman who had almost never taken a picture before, so that we really owe its existence to a lucky accident. The ash-vapour column rising in the background and hiding the sun is 90,000 feet high, and is in fact the tallest eruption column ever photographed. It seems hardly believable that only twenty minutes earlier Hekla was still covered with snow from top to bottom and showed no outward sign of what was about to happen. When I was told the height of the column my first thought was that even with the atomic bomb man had a long way to go before he would be able to compete with the fury of the elements. And somehow I found comfort in that thought.

At eleven o'clock I arrived at the volcano in an aeroplane (a Douglas Dakota) together with other scientists and newspapermen. This first flying expedition to Hekla will always remain unforgettable to me. The land lay resplendent in the sun, and a fairly stiff northerly wind was blowing. We therefore approached the mountain from a northerly direction, and the imposing spectacle grew even more magnificent as we came closer. The ash-laden vapour columns reached a height of about 33,000 feet, forming voluminous cauliflower-shaped clouds whose upper domes shone brilliantly in the sun while the lower region was bluish-black in colour except where glowing lava tinged it with red. Now and then lightning flashed through the ascending masses. Dark, greyish mud-streams, caused

Third day: hiking to the top of Hekla, the first approach made on foot. The author reached a height of 4500 feet, within 300 feet of the summit-crater, before he had to turn back again because breathing was becoming impossible due to volcanic gases





S. Thorarinnsson

Seventh day: on the north-east corner of the volcano. "Standing there on the floor of the crater, enveloped in suffocating sulphurous vapours and gazing into an adjacent crater that still contained glowing lava, one felt that not without reason had Hekla been regarded as the Gate of Hell"

by the melting of snow and ice on the slopes of the mountain, wound their way down like gigantic worms, and were followed by other wider streams, brownish in colour, which crept steaming towards the snowy plains below. These were the lava streams. That evening it could be ascertained from an aeroplane that the vaulted elongated ridge of Hekla had been split lengthwise, forming a fissure about three miles long which belched forth lava along its entire length.

We were back in Reykjavik at half-past twelve, and later that same day I returned to Hekla in a jeep with two friends of mine, Mr A. Stefánsson, a cine-photographer, and

his associate Mr E. Sæmundsson, both of whom are experienced sportsmen and mountaineers. In the evening we arrived at Gal-talækur, a farm seven miles west of the volcano. There we had an excellent view of the western slope of the mountain. From an enormous crater 3500 feet up lumps of glowing lava were hurled thousands of feet into the air, and two rivers of molten lava flowed down the sides of the mountain. The loud rumbling noises coming from the volcano rattled the window-panes of the farm and were heard to the farthest corners of the country 200 miles away.

The next day we kept to the north-west



After three weeks the summit-crater and craters on the south-west shoulder still puffed out ash and vapour ; a fissure gaped open along the ridge, and all around lay the eerie wilderness of lava

slopes of the volcano and at one place reached the edge of one of the new lava streams. Our throats and mouths were by then filled with volcanic dust, and we were parched with thirst. Our first act was therefore to fill our steel helmets with snow which we melted over the flowing lava.

That day the fissure along the mountain ridge had already separated into a number of individual craters, of which the most active were the summit crater at a level of 4800 feet and four others, two on each shoulder of the volcano. The compression waves accompanying the biggest explosions

in the craters were clearly visible in the ash-vapour columns, a phenomenon first observed by the volcanologist Frank A. Perret during the great Vesuvius eruption of 1906.

On the morning of the third day of the eruption we noticed that, while the shoulder craters were continuously active, the summit crater had long intervals of quiescence. We then decided to try to climb the mountain. I shall not even attempt to describe the hike towards the summit, but we managed to reach a height of 4500 feet and were within 300 feet of the summit crater before we had to turn back because, without gas-masks,

breathing was becoming impossible due to the volcanic gases. The summit crater obligingly remained quiet during the hours the trip lasted. In fact this proved to be its longest interval of quiescence during the first months of the eruption.

A few days later Steinthór Sigurdsson and I descended into one of the new craters for the first time. Early in the morning we set out from our observation post on the north side of Hekla to look at the northernmost part of the fissure, where eruptive activity seemed to be at an end. We struggled up the mountainside in piercing frost and drifting snow, and when we reached the top of the ridge it was blowing so hard that we could scarcely stand upright. When we had to re-load our cameras we therefore decided to solve the problem by going down into the northernmost crater, where, besides plenty of warmth, we had excellent shelter, for the crater was fifty yards deep. Standing there on its floor, enveloped in suffocating sulphurous vapours and gazing through a rocky chasm into an adjacent crater that still contained glowing lava, one felt that not without reason had Hekla in olden times been regarded as the Gate of Hell.

A few days after the eruption began I travelled through the districts south of Hekla where the fall of volcanic ashes had caused the greatest damage. Hardest hit of all was the district Fljótshlíð, one of the most beautiful and fertile regions of Iceland. Here stands the farm Hlíðarendi, the home of Gunnar, the hero of the Saga of Burnt Nial, and it was this district that Gunnar would not leave when he was outlawed from the country, choosing rather to remain and face certain death. Now the district was a veritable desert, covered with a two- to four-inch layer of dark pumice, most of which had fallen between the hours of seven and nine on the first morning of the eruption, when the craters of Hekla spewed forth over 200,000,000 cubic yards of pumice and ash. The finest ash was carried about 500 miles south and then in higher layers of air over southern England and Scandinavia to Finland, where it precipitated two days later. While the fall of pumice was at its peak it was dark as midnight in Fljótshlíð. An old couple who were awakened by the noise of the pumice beating on the roof were both momentarily terrified by the thought that they had gone blind. I had visited Fljótshlíð the previous summer when the district was wearing its finest summer dress, with hillside and meadow covered with rich green grass, and crystal

brooks leaping from the cliffs. Now all was a black waste and the brooks muddy with ash. At first it looked as if a number of farms would be completely ruined, but unusually heavy rains during the summer of 1947 washed away a great deal of the pumice, and only a few farms had to be abandoned.

During the first three months of the eruption explosive craters were in constant action on the Hekla fissure, sometimes as many as seven at once, and each of these craters erupted in an individually characteristic fashion. The colour of the eruptive columns varied from snowy white vapour to pitch-black ash-charged clouds, and a column of pure steam might be followed immediately by a jet-black mass of ash and dust from the same crater. As we stood near the craters and watched the clots of lava that were hurled to great heights and assumed all kinds of fantastic shapes on their downward flight, we began to understand the source of the mediaeval belief that the souls of the condemned could be seen fluttering above the craters of Hekla in the shape of black birds, for these falling volcanic bombs were often strangely suggestive of some kind of dark mysterious birds. Gradually my friends and I fell into the habit of referring to these bombs as "souls", and at times we even fancied that we could recognize some of the "souls" from their earthly existence.

In early May the character of the activity of the craters changed. The loud explosions and the whirling up of huge blocks of lava nearly ceased, and instead the craters now began puffing out almost ceaselessly a stream of fine-grained ash, and continued to do so for the next two months. This ash spoiled the pastures in the districts where it fell, and the sheep were affected by a disease caused by the fluorine in the ash. The chief symptoms of this disease are damaged teeth and abnormal outgrowths of the bones, especially at the joints.

Explosive activity in the biggest craters had ceased before the middle of September, but during the following winter small craters were active from time to time toward the lower end of the south-west fissure. On November 30 we were able to reach the edge of one of these craters and could look down on the glowing lava being hurled in great lumps up through an opening in the floor. It was a marvellous sight.

While the explosive activity thus varied greatly during the eruption, lava flowed incessantly for almost thirteen months. The discharge varied considerably in amount,



Hekla's eruptions took many different forms, and columns of pure steam might be followed, as here, by black clouds of ash and dust, which soon settled over the plain, harming pastures and sheep

but for several months it was from 50 to over 100 cubic yards per second, or a great deal more than the minimum flow of the River Thames. And the total volume of lava that flowed from the volcano during the eruption is more than 1,000,000,000 cubic yards. Of all the spectacular sights presented by the eruption none is as indelibly imprinted on my memory as this ceaseless river of lava, that sometimes crept slowly along and sometimes rushed forth at a speed of two to three yards a second. On cold and dark winter nights one could sit by this river, at a distance where its heat of 1000°C seemed only a comfortable warmth, and lose oneself for hours in staring at the glowing lava flood and listening to its strange heavy roaring. The curious thing was how natural the river came to seem once one had got used to it, how it seemed to belong to the landscape. One could easily imagine it to have flowed there since the beginning of time. When I came back to the black, congealed stream in May 1948 it seemed almost as unreal as the glowing

lava river had seemed when I first saw it.

On the afternoon of November 3, 1947, I arrived at the Reykjavík Airport on my return from a lecture tour in Scandinavia, where I had shown the remarkable colour film which Steinthór Sigurdsson and A. Stefánsson had made of the eruption. The first news I heard as I stepped out of the plane was that Steinthór Sigurdsson had been killed the evening before while he and Stefánsson were filming the flow of lava on the slopes of Hekla. He had been hit by a glowing block of lava which rolled down the slope where he was working, and had been killed instantly.

On my own trips to Hekla the thought most frequently uppermost in my mind was of how small and powerless a human being appears in the presence of such a tumult of natural forces as an eruption of Hekla. But on this November day when I heard of the death of my friend and comrade my only thoughts were of the greatness and importance of man.

Winter Wreaths

An Annotation

by PHILIP TOMLINSON

EMBLEMATIC trails run through the winter scenes of literature to varied decisions of beauty and dislike. To track them through the works of the poets and romancers leads us to spectacles invested with every mortal symbol and sympathy, where snow and ice mean purity and delight, suffering and despair, hope and delusion, radiant visions and awful forces beyond our knowledge and control. An anthology of winter transports us into rich, bewildering fields where the dividing line between the actual and the imagined is hard to distinguish. The visions of Coleridge and Shelley seem not of this world. Yet they are of concrete things, experienced, seen by men awake, with their feet on the earth if their heads are in the heavens—concrete things, but with the vibrations and the iridescent reflections of the rainbow about them. Frederick Martens, whose polar pictures, like those of many other old travellers, passed through the alembic of Coleridge's shaping spirit, records in the *Voyage to Spitzbergen and Greenland* concerning the "meteors generated in the air":

I observed that the Rime fell down in the shape of small Needles of Snow into the Sea, and covered it as if it were all sprinkled over with Dust: these small Needles increased more and more, and lay as they fell cross one over the other, and looked very like a Cobweb. The Sea seemed covered by them, as with a Skin, or a tender Ice. This hapneth in clear Sun-shine and in intense cold weather, and it falleth down as the Dew doth with us at Night invisibly, in dull weather. You see it plainly, if you look when the Sun shines towards a shady place; for then it sparkles as bright as Diamonds. Sometimes we see in our Country something a little like these small Needles, which is what we call Rime, and falleth from the Trees in Atoms like Dust. This is small Snow. I must not forget, that we see in these falling Needles a Bow like a Rain-bow of two colours, white and a pale yellow, like the Sun, reflected by the dark Shadows of the Clouds.

Professor J. Livingston Lowes, in his fine work of scholarly detection, shows how this and other records of the old navigators

weaved themselves into the mind of Coleridge and weaved themselves out again transmuted into magic. What was Arctic became Antarctic for the purpose of *The Ancient Mariner*; what was plain prose became one of the purest poems in English; transmuted, yet still in the world of reality. The miracle is not worked without careful particularization as he "crams his rich thievery up", to use Keats's words out of his meaning.

And now there came both mist and snow,
And it grew wondrous cold:
And ice, mast-high, came floating by,
As green as emerald.

And through the drifts the snowy clifts
Did send a dismal sheen:
Nor shapes of men nor beasts we ken—
The ice was all between.

The ice was here, the ice was there,
The ice was all around:
It cracked and growled, and roared and howled,
Like noises in a swound!

That there was an affinity between Coleridge and Shelley in the manner in which the mysteries of nature worked upon their imagery and symbols has more than a fanciful validity. There is strong supporting evidence. Shelley was aware of its actuality, and a recorded conversation shows Coleridge acknowledging closer touch with the younger man than his moralizing tendencies suggest. A critical theme could be made of this drawn merely from the iridescence, the singular vividness, with which the adventuring imaginations of these unaccountable spirits encountered the phenomena of snow and ice. There is a profusion of associations. Shelley sees winter robing grey grass and bare boughs with "pure snow and crowns of starry ice". That is scenic daintiness; but winter is a fierce tyrant when Prometheus is bound to the rock:

The crawling glaciers pierce me with the spears
Of their moon-freezing crystals . . .
While from their loud abysses howling throng
The genii of the storm, urging the rage
Of whirlwind, and afflict me with keen hail.

Asia speaks in the same poem, with hopes of redemption:

Hark! the rushing snow!
The sun-awakened avalanche! whose mass,
Thrice sifted by the storm, had gathered there
Flake after flake, in heaven-defying minds
As thought by thought is piled, till some great
truth
Is loosened, and the nations echo round,
Shaken to their roots, as do the mountains now.

When the vastness of snow-capped mountains is not being used for dramatic purpose in *Prometheus Unbound*, it presents abundance of pictorial effect for the poet's use:

As the sharp stars pierce winter's crystal air
And gaze upon themselves within the sea.

The opening of an early poem by Shelley has Coleridgean reminders:

The cold earth slept below,
Above the cold sky shone,
And all around
With a chilling sound,
From caves of ice and fields of snow,
The breath of night like death did flow
Beneath the sinking moon.

The magnificent Mont Blanc poem is better known than the letter Shelley wrote to Peacock from that region of silence and solitude. He had seen "palaces of death and frost", "desolating snows" and "deadly glaciers". Mont Blanc seemed, like the God of the Stoics, "a vast animal", his frozen blood for ever circulating "through his stony veins".

Melville found in whiteness at its most profound an infinite symbolizing. He was as responsive to its unearthly splendour as Coleridge and Shelley, but his responses were of fearsomeness rather than of radiance. In that remarkable chapter on the whiteness of the whale he rings the changes of appearance and symbol in every white object in nature like a peal of bells of unlimited range and volume. One moment we observe an unbounded prairie sheeted with driven snow, "no shadow of tree or twig to break the fixed trance of whiteness"; and another we are with a sailor in a ship battered by Antarctic seas, where,

by some infernal trick of legerdemain in the powers of frost and air, he, shivering and half shipwrecked, instead of rainbows speaking hope and solace to his misery, views what seems a boundless churchyard grinning upon him with its lean ice monuments and splintered crosses.

Melville traverses a winter world, making us hear the muffled rollings of a milky sea, bleak rustlings of festooned frosts on mountains, the desolate shiftings of "the windrowed snows of prairies". And he leaves us in chilly wonder why whiteness is both the most meaning symbol of spiritual things and yet the intensifying agent in matters most appalling.

Wordsworth traced the general sorrows of the human race through the snow-lined Alps. Inevitably, he moralized; but his eye did not fail him:

Reclined, he sees, above him and below,
Bright stars of ice and azure fields of snow;
While needle peaks of granite shooting bare
Tremble in ever-varying tints of air.

And his sister, said today to be the eyes of William, which is nonsense, could use hers acutely for her own purpose. In lines addressed to her infant nephew during a boisterous winter night, Dorothy tells him how the wind

will suddenly stop in a cunning nook,
And ring a sharp 'larum; but, if you should look,
There's nothing to see but a cushion of snow,
Round as a pillow, and whiter than milk,
And softer than if it were covered with silk.

Certainly, she had been looking; and, certainly, she was right in not taking her occasional flights into poetry as seriously as her friends did. She had lived close enough to observe to what effect the encompassing magic worked in her brother—as in the sonnet *November 1st*—

How clear, how keen, how marvellously bright
The effluence from yon distant mountain's head,
Which, strewn with snow smooth as the sky can
shed,
Shines like another sun—on mortal sight
Uprisen, as if to check approaching Night,
And all her twinkling stars. Who now would
tread,
If so he might, yon mountain's glittering head—
Terrestrial, but a surface, by the flight
Of sad mortality's earth-sullyng wing,
Unswapt, unstained? Nor shall the aerial
Powers
Dissolve that beauty, destined to endure,
White, radiant, spotless, exquisitely pure,
Through all vicissitudes, till genial Spring
Has filled the laughing vales with welcome
flowers.

The Prelude has a happy memory of a care-free boy who while skating in Lakeland was not too occupied to gather impressions of



All photographs by Alfred Lammer

The radiance of a country bright-robed
Lech am Arlberg, Austria

Light on snow: the reflection from water is brighter
The River Lech in Vorarlberg





Light on snow: sun shadows are dark, as by moonlight
In the Lower Engadine, Switzerland



Crystalline snow-forms:
(*left*) sparkle-crests;
(*below*) queenly ruffles;
(*opposite*) steely drops
congealed on boulders be-
side the bank of the river



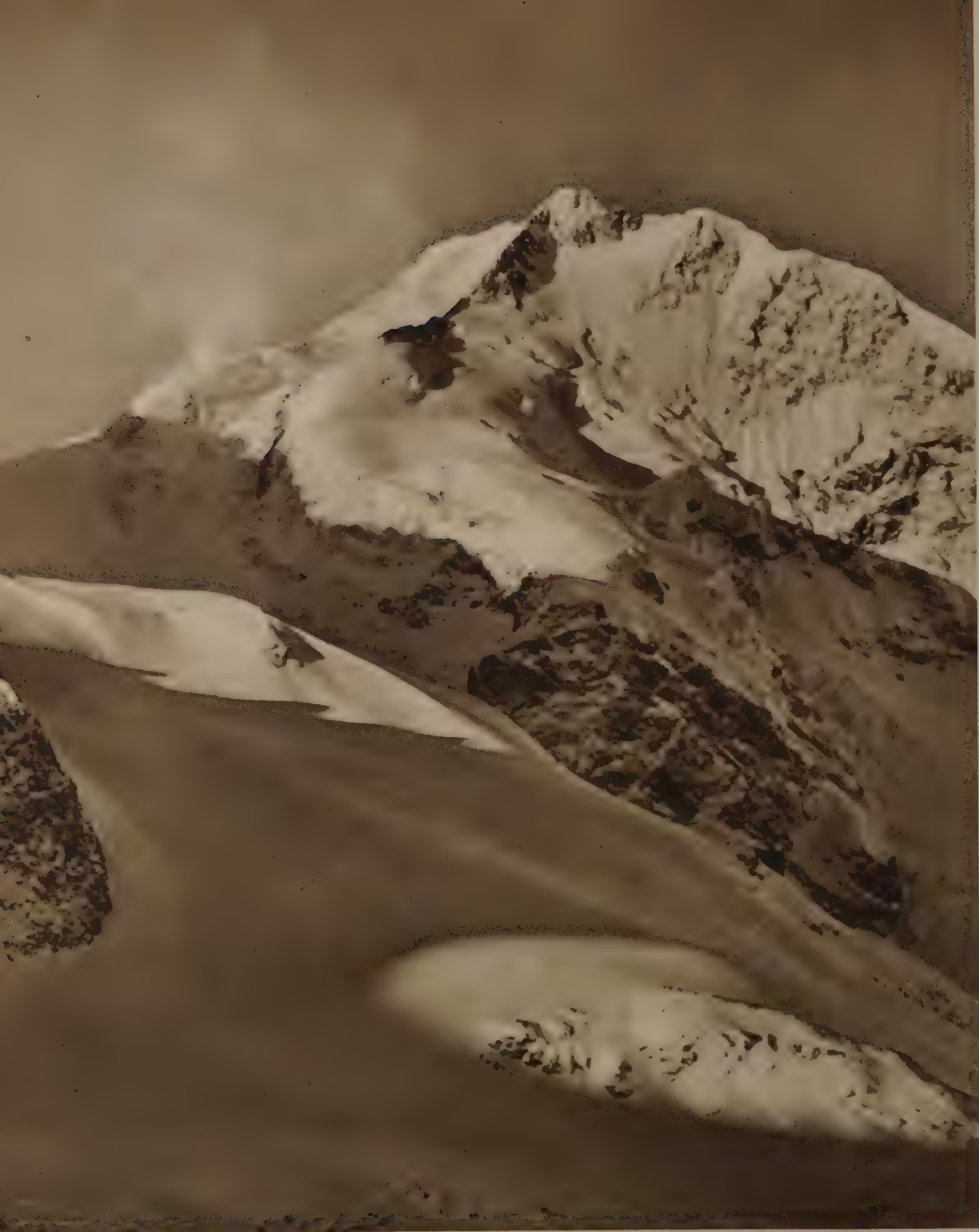




The silken cushion of powder-snow
Near Piz Nair, Lower Engadine

A pine-tree in magic travesty
Near Méribel-Les-Allues, Savoie, France





The mountain's glittering head
Piz Bernina, in south-eastern Switzerland

phenomena. The mountains echoed the children's voices. "The leafless trees and every icy crag tinkled like iron."

To come back to Dorothy. The cushion and pillow images for new-fallen snow appeared in the *Journal* some years before her verses were written. She records days when the snow-covered mountains, spotted with rich sunlight, show a pale buffish colour. Snow tints are as various as the poets who record them. On hillsides, when the light is behind the pines on the summit, they are as rose-coloured as the ancient city of dreams. And as the sun sinks lower the hill is buried in frothing milk.

Emily Dickinson is not among those whose pleasure in the scene is reduced by discomfort in the body. She writes in accord with the ethereal delicacy of snow in its first descent. She loves the flakes, the alabaster wool over mountain and plain, hedges and roads:

It reaches to the fence,
It wraps it rail by rail,
Till it is lost in fleeces;
It flings a crystal veil

On stump and stack and stem,—
The summer's empty room,
Acres of seams where harvests were,
Recordless, but for them.

It ruffles wrists of posts,
As ankles of a queen,—
Then stills its artisans like ghosts,
Denying they have been.

Her snowscapes are gnomish, like her verse, but with never a droop of disquiet. She sees the white mantle of the world and rejoices while others shiver. It is noticeable that many of her morbid thoughts have a summer background; as the year closes and the earth sleeps she grows quietly rapt in the radiance of a country bright-robed.

Mr Edmund Blunden, too, has an eye for that phantom world. There is only enchantment when he observes, with Horatian allusion and playful illusion, a snow-dressed mountain in Japan:

It must be so; it is planned and meant:
That mountain charms as of intent.
Lofty in the morning's unstained brightness,
How she displays her new-won whiteness . . .

Heavens, what a robe of royal allure
She brings, her garments winter-pure.

So you say; no doubt you know
That's a dead volcano, and new-fallen snow.

Francis Thompson's lyric to a snowflake has the delicacy of a filigree petal:

Fashioned so purely,
Fragilely, surely,
From what Paradisal
Imagineless metal,
Too costly for cost?
Who hammered you, wrought you,
From argentine vapour?—
God was my shaper.
Passing surmised,
He hammered, He wrought me,
From curled silver vapour,
To lust of His mind.

Meredith was happy, defiantly happy, with all the manifestations of nature, like Browning who, in the sunshine of Italy, could be lyrical about a November fog in his throat. There must have been some misgivings about winter in both of them, in spite of glad songs. Meredith on winter days anticipates the spring and earth's reawakening when the phantom of the snow-wreath dissolves. There was a "plumed and armoured" night of frost when the rillet chinked with steely drops. He listened in the woods to the "low throb of expectancy", and observed how

the white mother-muteness pressed
On leaf and herb; how shook
Nigh speech of mouth, the sparkle-crest
Seen spinning on the bracken-crook.

In Thomson's *Winter* the thick cloud's capacious womb drops a "vapoury deluge":

low the woods
Bow their hoar head; and ere the languid sun
Faint from the west emits his evening ray,
Earth's universal face, deep hid, and chill,
Is one wild dazzling waste, that buries wide
The works of men.

And he goes on with such terrifying stories of the earth sunk under mountains of snow that we reasonably agree to find retreat with him to where a ruddy fire burns in the cottage; though even there it may take some time before our nerves permit us to listen to him holding high converse with the mighty dead. Thomson's snowscapes are large and fearful, too large for intimacy. For the latter, for imaginative exactness, for pictorial vividness of evocation, we go to John Clare, the truest of nature-watchers in every season.

The small wind whispers through the leafless
hedge
Most sharp and chill, where the light snowy
flakes

Rest on each twig and spike of wither'd sedge,
Resembling scattered feathers; vainly breaks
The pale split sunbeam through the frowning
cloud,

On Winter's frowns below—from day to day
Unmelted still he spreads his hoary shroud,
In dithering pride on the pale traveller's way,
Who, croodling, hastens from the storm behind
Fast gathering black and deep . . .

In another poem he notes the snow "in feathers pass, winnowing by the window-glass"; and he points to the running brook

where icy spars,
Which the pale sunlight specks with stars,
Shoot crizzling o'er the restless tide,
To many a likeness petrified.

And in other poems his winter trees and frozen ponds come before us precise and lovely as his budding springs and fragrant summers.

Whatever the season, the bold chalk ridge of central Dorset has a remote and ancient aspect. Thomas Hardy depicts it at a grim time, when it compares with the rigorous scenes that confronted the adventurers seeking the North-West Passage:

There had not been such a winter for years. It came on in stealthy and measured glides, like the moves of a chess-player. One morning the few lonely trees and the thorns of the hedge-rows appeared as if they had put off a vegetable for an animal integument. Every twig was covered with a white nap as of fur grown from the rind during the night, giving it four times its usual stoutness; the whole bush or tree forming a staring stretch in white lines on the mournful gray of the sky and horizon . . . Strange birds from behind the North Pole began to arrive . . . gaunt spectral creatures with tragical eyes—eyes which had witnessed scenes of cataclysmal horror in inaccessible polar regions, in curdling temperatures that no man could endure; which had beheld the crash of icebergs and the slide of snowhills by the shooting light of the Aurora; been half blinded by the whirl of colossal storms and terraqueous distortions; and retained the expression of feature that such scenes had engendered.

Dickens makes a glacial approach to a Christmas romance in *The Holly-Tree*. The hero is going north from London in a stage-coach, a method of travel customary with Dickensian characters:

All night long we went on in this manner. The drift was becoming prodigiously deep; landmarks were getting snowed out; the road and the fields were all one; instead of having fences and hedge-rows to guide us, we went crunching on over an unbroken surface of ghastly white that might sink beneath us at any moment and drop us down a whole hillside. When we came within a town, and found the church clocks all stopped, the dial-faces choked with snow, and the inn-signs blotted out, it seemed as if the whole place were overgrown with white moss. As to the coach, it was a mere snowball; similarly, the men and boys who ran along beside us to the town's end, turning our clogged wheels and encouraging our horses, were men and boys of snow; and the bleak wild solitude to which they at last dismissed us was

a snowy Sahara. One would have thought this enough: notwithstanding which, I pledge my word that it snowed and snowed, and still it snowed, and never left off snowing.

Virgil, directing his observation of his homeland's tillage, vineyards and farm stock in the sun to less blessed northern spaces, finds fields grassless in winter, woodlands leafless, the frozen earth cubits deep in snow. It was not from the Pole but from countries nearer Italy that he heard tidings of seasons of frozen horror. Swift rivers were suddenly iced. Farmers, icicles in their beards, broke their wine with axes. In Dryden's rendering we read that

perpetual sleet, and driving snow,
Obscure the skies, and hang on herds below.
The starving cattle perish in their stalls;
Huge oxen stand inclosed in wintry walls
Of snow congealed; whole herds are buried
there
Of mighty stags.

Gilbert White, his recording eyes alert all the year round, has left some pictures of Selborne in the Siberian conditions of the year 1784.

December—On the 7th, with the barometer at 28.50—came on a vast snow, which continued all that day and the next, and most part of the following night; so that by the morning of the 9th the works of men were quite overwhelmed, the lanes filled so as to be impassable, and the ground covered twelve or fifteen inches without any drifting. On Friday, December the 10th, being bright sunshine, the air was full of icy spiculae, floating in all directions, like atoms in a sunbeam let into a dark room. We thought them at first particles of the rime falling from my tall hedges; but were soon convinced to the contrary, by making our observations in open places where no rime could reach us. Were they watery particles of the air frozen as they floated, or were they evaporations from the snow frozen as they mounted? I must not omit to tell you that, during these two Siberian days, my parlour cat was so electric, that had a person stroked her, and been properly insulated, the shock might have been given to a whole circle of people.

In verse and prose the pictures of spring and summer present happier opportunities to the anthologist. Keats's glances at snow and ice are briefly recorded—"the new soft-fallen snow" of the *Bright Star* sonnet, and the "bitter chill" in which *The Eve of St Agnes* opens, when the Beadsman told his rosary with numb fingers, and the hare "limp'd trembling through the frozen grass". But, sensitive to all the influences, the poet knew, even when the pulse of nature seemed still, that "the poetry of earth is never dead"



A poster advertising the current play. The colours are gorgeous, the design highly decorative

Karaghioz Shadow-Theatre

Notes by LEFTERI ADAM

Photographs by PHILIP BOUCAS

"Karaghioz", from the Turkish word meaning "the black-eyed one", is also the commonly accepted name of an Oriental equivalent of the Italian Commedia dell'Arte and the English Punch and Judy. The idea originated in China and Java but Karaghioz itself began, and was developed, in Turkey and Greece, assuming in each country the traits peculiar to the people. It is a theatre of shadows and takes its name from its principal character, a kind of Harlequin, witty, sly and sometimes mischievous, invariably gay and for ever poor.

The plots composing the repertoire of Karaghioz are taken from history, mythology or the events of the day. The dialogues are almost

entirely improvised by the performer and there are a number of stock characters to which new ones are added as the occasion requires.

Karaghioz the man is said to have been engaged as a worker in the building of a mosque for Sultan Suleiman the Magnificent, in Constantinople. According to legend he did far too little work and much too much gallivanting; but his sense of humour made him popular. His adventures, tricks and jokes, his exploits and his plights were repeated from mouth to mouth.

Eventually they came to be performed in shadow-play (since the Koran prohibited the representation of human beings). The accompanying photographs depict the Greek version of Karaghioz



The days have gone when the shadow-theatre of Karaghioz was the only popular entertainment and crowds queued before the box-office: audiences are now drawn away by the cinema. Earnings have dropped and the player can rarely afford the rent of anything better than a yard in which to set up his show



(Left) Behind the screen: small boys help the performer by handing him the figures he needs and producing sound-effects. Usually there is only one performer, who manipulates the figures and acts all the characters, moving the figure that is supposed to be talking and changing the tone of his voice accordingly

(Right) The life story of Spatharis, a Greek Karaghioz player, is like that of many of his colleagues: "I learned my alphabet in a cemetery, reading the inscriptions on the tombstones. Often as a child I was too hungry even to use melon-skins as toy boats. Instead I ate them." Now he works as a builder in winter when the weather makes it impossible for him to give his performances in the open air





(Left) The figures, made of cardboard or of hide, are always in profile. They are made to move behind and in contact with the screen by means of wooden rods attached to them with a hinge, which enables the performer to turn them face about when necessary. The lights are placed between performer and screen

(Right) The youthful audience is always thrilled. Nowadays not very many grown-ups attend Karaghioz plays, especially in the bigger towns. Yet the old cooperation between performer and audience persists. A remark badly received will not be repeated. One which appeals to the audience will be emphasized and enlarged in the next performance. Thus Karaghioz truly reflects the voice of the people





(Top) A play produced shortly after Greece's liberation from the Axis Powers, showing Hitler and Mussolini welcomed in Hell by the Devil. (Centre) Some of the traditional stock characters: in the middle is a Turkish Pasha; next to the 'Byzantine' palace is Veligekas, his bodyguard. (Bottom) The "Marriage of Karaghioz": the bridegroom (left) greets the procession carrying his bride and her dowry

Hunters, Herders and Farmers in South-West Africa

by JOHN SEYMOUR

The United Nations have long been trying to assert their responsibility for the peoples of South-West Africa, formerly a German colony and since 1920 administered under mandate by the Union of South Africa. Who are these peoples? Mr Seymour, from first-hand experience, gives the answer

SOME time ago, when I was managing a sheep-farm in the northern part of South-West Africa, a shepherd came and told me that he had found some strange marks on a rock. So I walked with him between the twisted and gnarled little trees which make up the landscape in that part of the world—where the sun beats up from the bare, hot, ground until you think you are in a furnace—and after several miles we came to what we had set out to find: a flat slab of rock, just protruding from the sandy soil, the surface of which was covered over with carved footprints of animals. There were the spoor of oryx, kudu, springbuck, steenbuck, eland and other antelope still found in that part of the country, and also one of man. The prints

were so perfectly carved that it was hard to believe that they were not real—made somehow by the animals themselves when the rock was in a semi-molten condition.

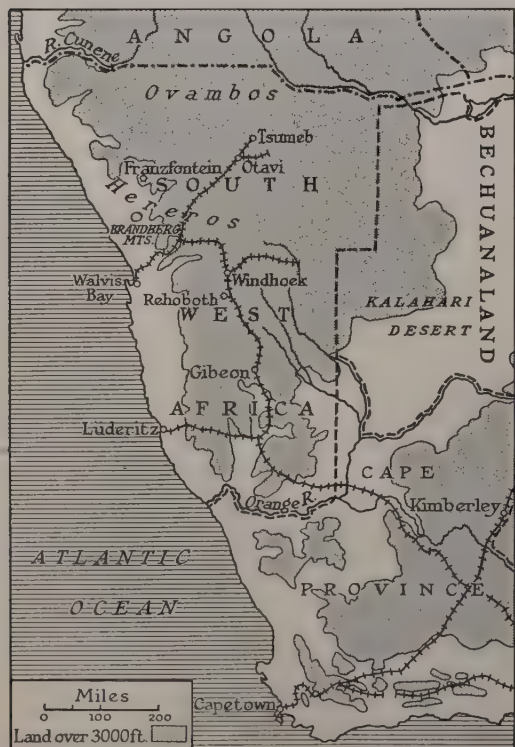
I asked the shepherd what had made the marks and he said they had probably been put there by God; which, after all, is the way a lot of people explain things they can't understand. I enquired of Bushmen and Bergdama and Hereros and Hottentots, but nobody could tell me anything about them.

Later I found that there are a number of these rock-engravings in South-West Africa, and with the footprints you sometimes find figures of animals, probably punched out of the rock with a sharp stone. These are quite distinct from Bushman paintings; no-one who has seen both forms of art could possibly believe them to be by the same people.

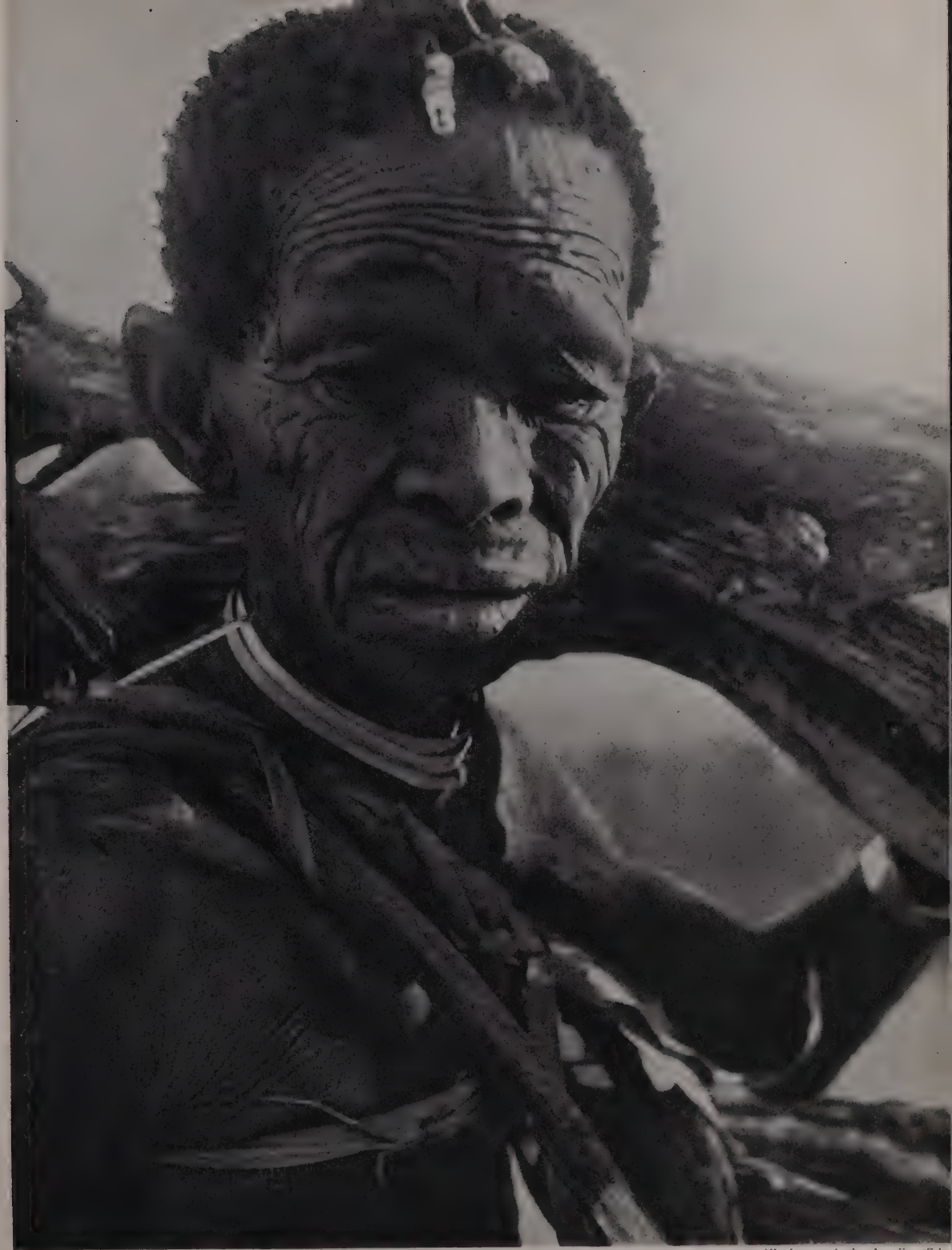
The engravings are in fact much older. They were probably made by contemporaries of the *strandloopers*—the people whose remains have been found near the coast of southern Africa in strata that dates them at from 15,000 to 20,000 years old.

It is now known that the ordinary 'Bushman paintings' that one finds on rocks in most parts of southern Africa were indeed made by the forefathers of the Kalahari Bushmen of today. Some of them are obviously ancient, but some are so recent that they depict white men and horses. The Bushmen lost the art when they were driven into the sands of the Kalahari, where the complete absence of rock deprived them of their 'canvas'.

Now were the people who made the old rock-engravings the ancestors of the Bushmen? At present there seems to be no way of finding out. At one time the Bushmen wandered over the whole continent of Africa, and were possibly of the same stock as the artists who made the cave-paintings in Spain and France. Pockets of people living by hunting, and speaking languages closely allied to Bushman, still exist in various parts of central



A. J. Thornton



All photographs by Annaliese Scher

Bushman woman bringing home firewood. Her 'home' consists of a temporary grass shelter beneath a bush. At each encampment it is the prerogative of the head of the tribe to light the new fire, by drilling a hard stick into a piece of soft wood

Africa, and Bushman paintings are to be found from the Atlas Mountains to the Cape. In Europe, the Palaeolithic hunters gave way to Neolithic herdsmen and cultivators, but the Bushmen with whom I used to go hunting round about my sheep-farm were living exactly the same lives as their palaeolithic forefathers had done. Their equipment, methods and organization had not altered in any respect.

I often used to wonder at first how it was that the Bantu and Hottentot peoples had been able to overcome the Bushmen—and drive them out of the greater part of Africa—when the Bushmen have most effective poisoned arrows, can disappear from the face of the earth by hiding themselves in a most miraculous manner, and can move about the veld faster than men on horseback. After I had lived with them a bit I decided that the answer was—discipline. People who live by collecting wild food and hunting, as the Bushmen do, cannot have much tribal organization. The family is the largest Bushman unit, and a Bushman family does not recognize any

tribal relations with any other family. It would be impossible, in fact, for a large number of Bushmen to gather together for more than a short space of time, for the country round about would soon be denuded of veld-food and game and the Bushmen have never learnt a way of storing food. So before the sheep-herding Hottentots and cattle-owning Bantu the Bushmen were helpless. It is an example of the superiority in war of the herdsman over the hunter, due to the higher organization that the possession of a food supply on the hoof makes possible.

The group of people I had on this farm I managed, as shepherds and other workers, might have been chosen as a cross-section of the people of South-West Africa: The largest group of them were Bergdamas, about whom less is known, possibly, than any other African race. They have lost every trace of their own language, and speak the tongues of the people who enslaved them: the Namas or Hottentots. They are a black people, the only black people besides the Ovambos in South-West Africa. Whether they belong to

The Abbé Breuil, a great authority on Bushman painting, at work in a rock shelter at Tsissab. It is possible that Bushman artists painted for purposes of magic, to bring them luck in the chase





Punched out of rock with a hard stone, these engravings differ from the lively Bushman paintings. Done by an earlier race, they may have been intended to mark the boundaries of hunting territory

the Bantu race is not known; possibly they are of mixed descent. Perhaps, even, they are the descendants of those ancient Stone-Age men who made the engravings of the foot-prints in the rocks. A few of them are still living in the Stone Age. If you search among the lost fastnesses of the Brandberg, or other remote mountain ranges in South-West Africa, you may still find groups of Bergdamas who cut their meat with chipped stones because they are not in possession of iron or steel.

The Bergdamas are no fools, though. They have adapted themselves better to working for the white man than any other race in South-West Africa. They have a long tradition of servitude behind them, for every other race in the country, even the Bushmen, used to enslave the Bergdamas when they could

catch them. When they were free, however, they hid themselves in the mountains and led lives not far above that of the baboons; although, strangely enough, they have a richer stock of stories and fables and folk-lore than any of the others. They have a lively imagination and a strong sense of humour, and I had several good friends amongst them. They are very quick at learning new things, such as languages, the workings of machinery, or the strange ways of the white man.

There were no Hottentots on the farm, but there was a tribe called the Swartboois, at Franzfontein, a day's horse-ride away. There is a spring of water at Franzfontein which gushes out of the foot of a hill; and the Swartboois live there and grow magnificent wheat under irrigation. The veld round about is arid in the extreme: dry, barren,

leopard-infested hills to the north and a great plain of bare limestone rock to the southward. The Franzfontein reserve is a little bigger than the average settler's farm in the district, but as there were five or six hundred Hottentots trying to live in it the scanty bush had been almost completely trodden out by their goats. There was an old German trader living with them, and he told me that he shot on an average fifty leopards a year, besides a good many lions.

The Hottentots came up from what is now the Cape Province in fairly early times, driving their sheep and cattle and goats with them. They lived in portable huts of sticks and rush mats which they could fold up and fasten on the backs of their pack-oxen. They are a yellow race, smallish, very cunning and quick on the uptake; and in the old days they lived a nomadic life with their stock, roaming from water-hole to water-hole as the grazing demanded.

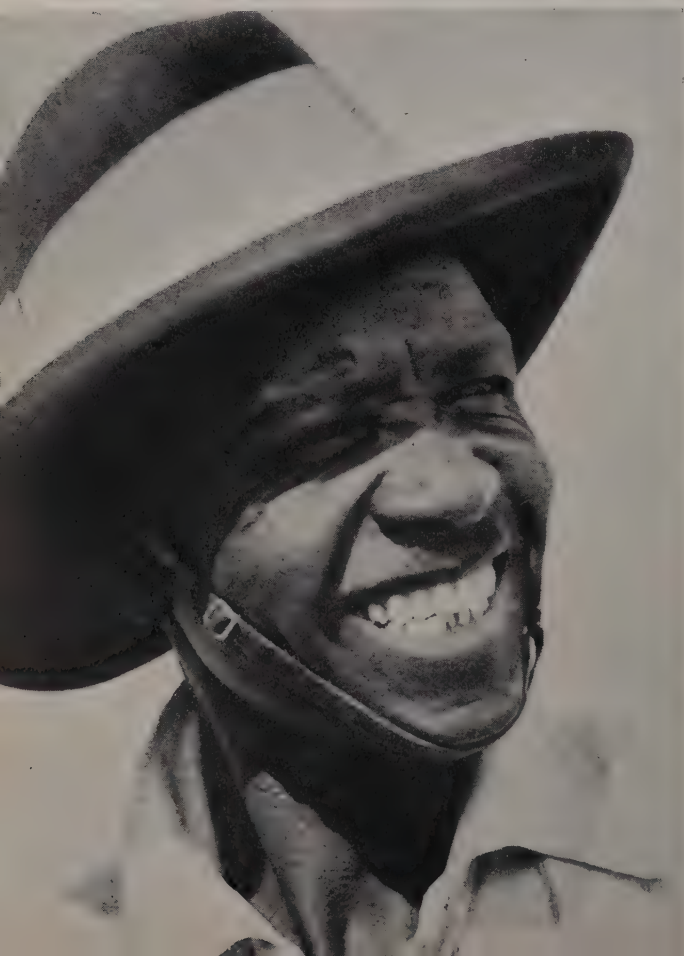
There is reason to believe that they originated in Asia, like the Somalis. Their language shows a relationship with the Semitic tongues (although it is full of 'clicks'

now which they have picked up from the Bushmen) and their short-haired, fat-tailed sheep certainly came from North Africa, and probably Asia. Before the coming of the white man they occupied the southern half of South-West Africa, and waged intermittent warfare against the Hereros to the north. Now they are just a remnant: a few little settlements living in abject poverty in small reserves; or individuals scattered about working on farms in the south of the territory and fast dying out. Most of them speak Dutch because they have forgotten their own language. Gone are the days when the great "Red Nation", as the biggest tribe was called, could send thousands of warriors against the Hereros.

I had only one Herero on the farm, a shepherd named Kaviandje—only we used to call him Sixpence. He was a tall, slim, hawk-faced fellow with a light yellow skin. He was very proud and aloof, showed plainly that he despised the other natives on the farm, did not like being ordered about, but he never lost any sheep.

According to their own oral tradition the Hereros came to South-West Africa from the other side of the Kalahari some 250 years ago. They were a typical cattle tribe, speaking a Bantu tongue although it seems possible that originally they were semi-Hamites or even Nilotics. They lived entirely on their cattle, of which they kept great herds: it was not unusual for one man to own several thousand. Like so many cattle-herding tribes their great weakness was their reluctance to part with any cattle. They would not even slaughter them for food, excepting at great religious festivals, and they lived exclusively on sour milk. In this they resembled many cattle-herding tribes of East Africa today, who live entirely on milk and keep hundreds more cattle than they have any need for or the country will support.

Now just as the hunting people could not stand up against the herders, so the herdsmen were no match for the cultivators. The Hereros soon



A Bergdama (or "Klip-kaffir") in European employment. The Bergdamas are not related to any of the other race-groups in South-West Africa; no trace is left of their origin and original language



(Above) Except for two small settlements, the few remaining Hottentots work on the European farms, mostly in the south of the territory. Shacks of flattened tins are descendants of the old rush-mat huts, which could be loaded onto the backs of pack-oxen when the tribes moved camp. (Right) A Hottentot mending a car radiator. His people are quick-witted and intelligent, but given to drink and dagga (Indian hemp), which is one of the reasons for their decline





(Above) *Herero cattle grazing in northern South-West Africa. At one time Herero farmers had so many cattle that "the very earth seemed to quiver and vibrate" during a stampede. But after the German war, in 1908, they were forbidden to keep any cattle at all. Now they farm their own cattle again, but the numbers are severely limited by the smallness of their reserves.*

(Left) *Herero women used to wear skirts of untanned hide and weighty copper bangles on their arms and legs. But the early missionaries introduced these European clothes, which have survived changes of fashion*

came up against the Ovambos of the north, and were soundly beaten.

I had several Ovambos at different times working under me, and I found them a most likeable people. They were scrupulously honest, hard-working, and alone among the South-West African races in being personally very clean. We used to get them down from Ovamboland on a yearly contract. The rule was that we had to supply them with a blanket and a shirt, ration them on maize-meal, and pay them ten shillings for a month of thirty days. In spite of this excessive wage we liked getting them, because of their reliability.

Now why was it that the warlike Hereros could not conquer the sedentary Ovambos? The fact is that, just as stock-owners can have a higher social organization than hunters, so cultivators can have a much higher organization than stock-owners. The Hereros wandered about the country searching for grazing and water and seldom came together in large numbers. They would not leave their cattle for long, so that when they went to war they had to take their cattle with them. This restricted movement and made them vulnerable; besides being bad for discipline, as every man was more concerned about the safety of his own cattle than discomforting the enemy. The Hereros had chiefs, but the chiefs never became despots; the herdsmen were far too independent for that.

Not so the Ovambos. Like other settled, cultivating people they had a strong and complex social organization. They had kings and priests and an aristocracy—a complete despotism. Most of the kings kept Bushmen bodyguards around them and would not hesitate to order them to kill anybody they did not like. If a member of the aristocracy died some innocent person would have to be ‘smelt out’ as a witch, and made to confess by torture—generally in the form of tourniquets applied to various parts of the head or body—and then killed. When a king died he was buried sitting in the lap of a live female slave, and his wives and counsellors were slaughtered over his grave.

The hunting and herding people were quite ruthless in war; but it took the settled, cultivating, more civilized Ovambos up in their beautiful little Eden in the north to think up really refined cruelties to their fellow-men. Security from famine and enemies they had, but it had to be paid for by a life of fear of their own chiefs and witch-doctors.

The Ovambos have benefited by the advent of the white man. They are left entirely

alone, except for a white Native Commissioner and an Assistant who advise them, and they carry on in their own way, except that they are now no longer allowed to kill and torture one another. Their country is too remote and hard to reach to make it practicable for white settlement. A lot of them are recruited to work in the south, in the copper or diamond mines, or on the railways or the farms; but they are not allowed to stay away from home long enough to lose their racial identity.

As for the way they live, they keep a few cattle and sheep but are chiefly cultivators. They store large quantities of grain in bins raised up off the ground on poles. They have a high degree of skill in smelting and working with copper and iron, pottery, basket-making, and suchlike, and they are great fishermen in the rivers which water their fertile country. Long may they remain undisturbed.

When white explorers began to probe into South-West Africa at the beginning of the 19th century, this was the position: several powerful Ovambo kingdoms settled in the far north; Hereros wandering around with their great herds of cattle in the rest of the northern half of the country; Hottentot nomads, owning a tenuous allegiance to the paramount chief of the Red Nation, in the south; Bushmen everywhere where there was game to be hunted; and Bergdama living as slaves with both the Hereros and the Hottentots, and a few free but in hiding in the mountain fastnesses.

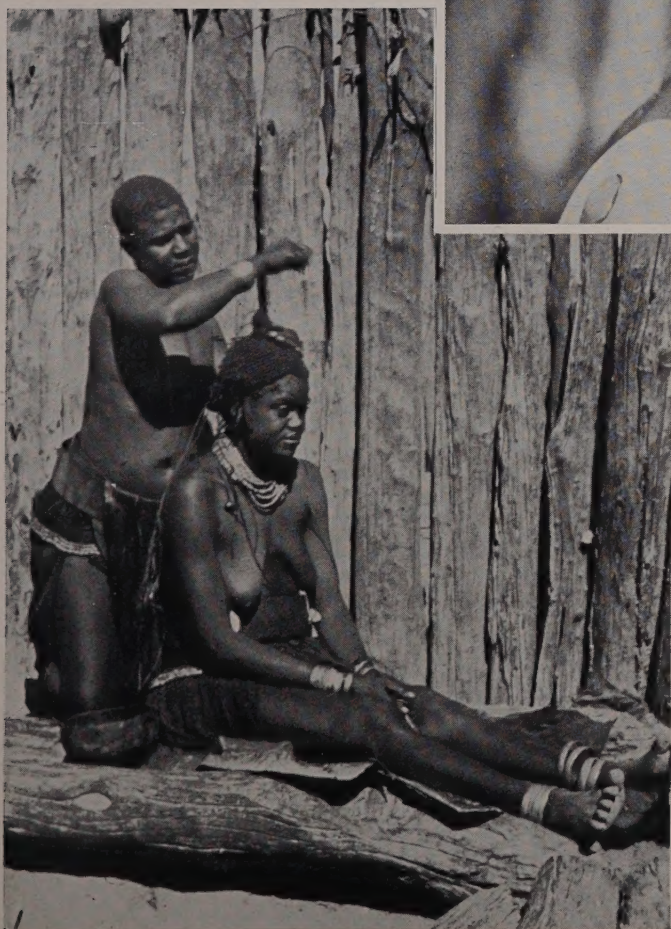
But there was one man working on my farm who did not fit into any of these categories: a man named Goliath Ses. He worked at building a masonry dam which would one day, we hoped, retain the water of a river which, like nearly all other rivers in that country, only had water in it when it rained, which was seldom. Ses was a Hottentot, but with a drop of white blood in him; he knew the Nama language but spoke Dutch for preference, he lived in a little house which he had built himself of raw brick, and he was at home with horses and trek-oxen. He was an Orlam.

In the days of slavery at the Cape, escaped Hottentot slaves used to make for the Orange River as refugees, and there live by goat-farming and making raids on the ‘wild’ Hottentots to the north of them. They spoke Dutch and had Dutch names, and some of them were Christians. And they understood the three things on which the power of the white people in South Africa was built: the gun, the ox-wagon and the horse. Although there were not many of them they had an



Ovambos inhabit the most fertile part of South-West Africa—the far north. Their villages resemble mazes, with their complicated systems of reed fences which surround the huts and enclose the cattle. The woman with the pole is cooking the evening meal, usually consisting of maize or sorghum-porridge

(Right) Ovambo hair-style. The women remain unaffected by civilization because only a few Europeans are allowed to enter their remote, beautiful country, and few of the women go to the European-settled areas. Many of the men go south to work for the white man but, when their contracts expire, return home



(Left) Ovambo girls are often pretty, and take much pride in their hair, which is longer than that of the neighbouring races. Unlike other South-West African races, they have a very high standard of cleanliness



A European farm in South-West Africa. The early German settlers built their farms near natural water-holes. Since World War I the South Africans have carried out successful drilling for water

enormous influence on the history of South-West Africa.

In 1820 the Hottentot Red Nation was being worsted in its wars with the Hereros, and the Queen of the Red Nation, Games by name, sent word to the captain of one of the bands of escaped slaves—they were called Orlams—asking him to help her drive the Hereros north again. In return for this she was willing to grant him some land.

This particular band called themselves the Afrikanders, and their leader, Jonker Afrikander, had all the makings of a Napoleon. He met the Hereros and signally defeated them. The tribesmen were no match against people who had muskets, who could ride round their flanks on horses, and who could carry large supplies of food and water on ox-wagons.

The Afrikanders drove the Hereros right back to the north, and in the process captured thousands of cattle. Jonker liked the look of some high country in the centre of the territory, and decided to settle there and enjoy the spoils of his campaign. He named his settlement Windhoek, because it reminded him of a valley called the Winterhoek in the

Cape where he had been brought up as a slave.

The Red Nation objected to his settling there, so he patched up an alliance with some of the Hereros to the north, so that he should be safe if the Red Nation attacked him. He then proceeded to consolidate his position by attracting recruits from other Hottentot tribes, by trading his stolen cattle for guns and powder, wagons and horses, by getting a white trader and a white missionary to come and live at Windhoek, and by ruling the country round about him with a rod of iron. In a few years he had progressed from a small-time bandit chief into virtually the ruler of South-West Africa.

Unfortunately the trader introduced him to the Demon Brandy, and to pay for all the brandy that he and his tribe required he had to have a large number of cattle. In the end he was driven to raiding the Hereros for these—the appetite grew with

what it fed on—and by 1846 Jonker had embarked on a constant series of bloodthirsty raids into Hereroland. The Hereros, having little tribal cohesion, would not unite to resist; many of them even helped Jonker, raiding their fellow Hereros and taking the captured cattle and women and children to Jonker, in return for a few muskets.

By 1851 a white traveller reported that there were 4000 people living in Windhoek, of whom 500 were Orlam fighting men; and that in that year alone Jonker had destroyed forty Herero villages, killing all the men, carrying off the women and children, and taking no less than 10,000 cattle. The troubles with the Red Indians in the Wild West of America were Sunday-school treats compared to the wars in early South-West Africa!

The white missionaries, of whom there were several in the country, tried to stop Jonker, but he took no notice of them. The only white man who had any effect on him was an Englishman named Francis Galton. Galton wanted to make a hunting trip to the north but could not do so because of the wars,



(Above) At present the major industry in South-West Africa is karakul sheep-farming, with its production of lamb-skins for fur coats; the hot, dry climate is ideal for this purpose, though cattle are also farmed for their cream and beef. The lambs are killed when a day old, for then the quality of the pelts is at its best and (right) records are taken at this age of rams kept for breeding purposes as later there would be no indication of the original state of their pelts



so he sent a letter to Jonker ordering him to make a treaty. Jonker of course answered contemptuously, so Galton, as he related in his book, *The Narrative of an Explorer in Tropical South Africa*: "Packed up my red hunting coat, jack-boots, and cords, and rode in my hunting cap; it was a costume unknown in these parts, and would, I expected, aid in producing the effect I desired". He mounted his riding-ox "Ceylon", and, with two of his men, rode to Windhoek. Just before he got to Jonker's huts he dismounted and donned his hunting kit. He then mounted again and advanced towards the huts at a gallop, jumping a ditch four feet wide. He rode straight for Jonker's hut "until my ox's head not only faced, but filled the door of the astonished chief. Conceive the effect! My Dutch was far from fluent so I rated him in English, and after a while condescended to use an interpreter. He never dared to look me in the face as I glared down at him from my ox".

The upshot of this extraordinary interview was that Jonker signed a peace treaty with the Hereros which he kept for a year.

But Galton returned to England and the peace was broken. Other Orlam tribes wandered up from the south and joined in "reaping the Herero garden" as they called it, and the Red Nation also took advantage of the Herero weakness. This warfare was completely ruthless. The Hottentots massacred every Herero they did not want as a captive, and unwanted women had their feet and hands cut off to remove the copper bangles they wore in great profusion.

It was another Briton, an adventurer named Charles John Andersson, who eventually saved the Herero race from extinction. The handful of Europeans in the land had up to then been neutral in the wars, but in 1864 Andersson, who was running a small copper mine at the time, got tired of the activities of the Orlams and decided to stop them. He gathered the remaining Herero chiefs, got them to muster all their fighting men, and himself led them against the Afrikanders. The Hereros were at last desperate enough to leave their beloved cattle and forgo their ancient personal independence. They proved more than a match for the Afrikanders. They defeated them in a number of great and exceedingly bloody battles and completely broke them. Never afterwards were the Orlams or Hottentots able to do as they liked with the Hereros.

The next people on the scene were the Germans. In 1884, in response to repeated

requests, by the missionaries, they declared South-West Africa a German protectorate. They sent a man named Dr Goering (the father of Reich Chancellor Hermann) to make treaties with the various chiefs. The chiefs were willing at first, but when they found that being protected meant losing all their best water-holes and grazing land they revolted. The Bondelswart Orlams revolted first, in 1903; a year later the Hereros joined them and so did most of the Hottentots. General von Trotha was sent out to command the German forces, and he issued a decree that every Herero captured was to be killed. My nearest neighbour—if a man living fifteen miles away across trackless veld can be called a neighbour—was an old German settler, and he used to point to a big thorn-tree outside his house and say: "I've seen that tree carrying strange fruit! We hanged fifteen Hereros from it once". The Germans required 19,000 troops to finish the war, it cost their treasury £23,000,000, and they stated that 100,000 natives were killed or died of thirst. In 1908 the war was finished, but the German triumph was short-lived, for in 1915 the country fell to the South Africans, who have ruled it under a mandate ever since.

The South Africans started by marking the country out into farms and sinking a great number of bore-holes for water over all the habitable area. They then confined the surviving natives in reserves, and allotted the farms to settlers from the Union at prices ranging up to 1s. 6d. a hectare (roughly two-and-a-half acres), with thirty years in which to pay it off. The farms ranged from 40,000 hectares in the drier south to little back-yards of 7000 hectares like the one I managed in the north—a mere fifty square miles.

These settlers had a very tough time at first, for the country is hard and unyielding; but they were of the real old *voortrekker* stock and most of them succeeded in building homes. The karakul boom came along in the thirties and brought prosperity to the country, and now the chief industry is rearing sheep for 'Persian lamb' or karakul furs. Diamonds come next in importance, then cattle, then copper, then canned crawfish, then salted and tinned snoek—Walvis Bay is the centre of the snoek fishery!

As for the natives, except for the Ovambos they mostly work for wages on the European farms. There is room for only a very few in the native reserves. But at least they are assured of a livelihood, and are no longer in danger of having their heads split open by Herero knobkerries or Orlam musket-balls.